OVER 5,000,000 READERS A WEEK

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XL. NO. 34. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1912. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

IN THE SKY SERVICE

By Paul Crissey

SINCE early morning the white-winged Phoenix had made onslaught into the heavy, gaseous clouds of smoke that hung over the battlefield. Time after time she had caught the easterly breeze and slewed back to the wooded hillside where she took on another supply of the toy dynoters, and then, with whirling engines and singing stays, she had plunged back over the battlefield with the deadly little yellow balls dropping through the smoke rifts upon the heads of the green-coated enemy.

Lieutenant Nathan Amboy, of the Sky Service, his face blackened with the tormenting, itching powder-grease, kept his eyes on the ground below him, while Stearns, the aeronaut, watched the tiny strip of silk on the lateral rigging before him.

For eighteen hours, now, the biplane had been in the field. Occasionally, when the smoke cleared away from below them, the two men in the aeroplane could see the damage they had wrought in the ranks of green. Across the firing line were huge notches, and in the flanking ranks great holes had been torn. The little yellow dynoters had done their work. It required but little skill for Amboy, with his perpendicular instruments, to drop them accurately, and when they struck their mark—well, the shattered field guns and the great heaps of dead told that story.

Off to the west, fully ten miles, where the green-carpeted hill lay clear in the sunlight, were the aero's stores; and there, with nothing to guard the stronghold of the aeroplane, lay enough dynoters for a week's continual engagement. Their safety had been left to higher powers, and all the recruits had been concentrated in the action at the moor.

A thin white line, cut through the grease on Amboy's face, made itself more visible to the strained eyes of Stearns. He licked his dry lips and gently flicked the warping lever with his hand as a sudden gust of wind trembled on the planes of the machine.

"Tired?" he asked, quietly.

Lieutenant Amboy shook his head and squinted through the glass. Then he looked frankly into his companion's face.

"It makes me sick," he admitted. "This is wholesale slaughter. God! It isn't even fighting!"

With careful fingers he let drop another of the yellow balls which grilted gently on the metal tube and faded away into the distance below. A moment later the air shuddered, and a thin, piercing scream of anguish filtered up through the distance to the two men. A second later and the straining ears of the men in the aeroplane noticed that the field gun below them was silent. The aeronaut looked again at the Lieutenant.

"You've got the aim," he remarked.

"Yes—and I am rather sorry," returned Amboy. "We aren't giving 'em a chance—not a chance. This isn't war—it's hell!"

A moment later he looked up again.

"We're out of pills," he said. "And I'm glad of it!"

Stearns nodded. He had seen this before. Amboy, however, seemed to have no fear for his own person. Three days before this engagement Carruthers, a captain of the Service, had been in the air with Stearns. He had worried, but he had fought. Then, suddenly, a stray bit of shell from underneath the treacherous powder-clouds had climbed to a higher altitude and had made a neat little hole in the side of Carruthers' head. Stearns had skipped from the fight to lay his late companion out on the green of another hillside. So Lieutenant Amboy had come to hold the seat over the short, metallic "dropping tube."

The Phoenix felt the east breeze at her back. The cords from the wing-tips were singing now, and the two metal propellers were whirring to full speed ahead. Gradually the smoke cleared away. A creek, far below, sent a silvery gleam upward, and it splashed, mirage-like, on the white curtain formed by the planes. For a moment Amboy leaned back, before glancing downward. They were passing over the rear of the enemy's train, and the white cots, as he could see, were all filled. The Red Cross flag waved at the head of a tent, and a

private, leaning on his rifle, was watching a surgeon work near him. The private saw the shadow of the aeroplane on the ground, and with a swift movement threw his carbine to his shoulder. The bullet whistled close to them, but the next moment they were beyond range. With his glasses Amboy could see the green-clad figure shaking his fist at them, and the Lieutenant, sick from a sense of shame, knew and understood the rage that boiled within that pygmy figure far below.

Suddenly a plaintive whistle broke into the dull booming of the far-off cannon. A moment later and the shrill whistle came once again. Amboy reached down and pulled the slide of the dropping tube.

"That's the end—for a while," he muttered.

"And now?" asked his companion.

"And now we quarter," finished the Lieutenant.

The battle was far away and most of the guns were silenced. The aero swooped about the hillside and made a great circle. As if to pass further to the west, it disappeared on the other side and gradually came to rest with a series of leaps in the long grass where the trees were scarce. To the east a mile or more it seemed as if the great bird-like machine had merely continued its journey to the westward on a lower level.

Stiff and languid with fatigue, Lieutenant Amboy pitched himself from his seat and rolled comfortably in the grass.

"We've got to make a trip to the spring," he said.

Without a word, Stearns started up over the hill; and after a minute or two Amboy followed him. The cool green of the woods felt grateful, and he took off his service cap and rubbed his hands through his hair. Incidentally he wondered what the folks at home were doing. He could picture the men of his club sitting about, clad in cool white clothes, drinking cool green drinks. He gulped at the thought and plunged forward.

Once he looked back. The aeroplane was lost to his sight. The great white wings were sunk deep in the grass and the war-machine was safe from all eyes not too careful. Ahead, through the low tree boughs, he could see the short, slender figure of Stearns and the swinging bucket by his side. Again he started forward, deep in thought; then, like a flash, he dropped on his breast and lay there quietly, alert. A shot had rung out in front of him, and it had been followed by the sound of a heavy body dropping into the stiff grass.

"They've got Stearns," he muttered, "and if they find that machine it's all off with everything! It will be short work—no court-martial—for a Sky Service man after today's work with the Phoenix!"

At first he thought to run back and make away, if he could, with their precious Phoenix, but he desisted. He could hear now the tramping of many footsteps coming nearer. Undoubtedly they had killed his companion and were looking for the machine.

Intuitively Amboy cast his cap far from him into the tall grass and wriggled out of his jacket. This he flung in the same direction, and with them both went the embroidered insignia of his special branch of the service. It would be impossible for them to identify him definitely with the Sky Service. He happened to think at the same time, that Stearns did not wear the uniform. At any rate, he would try to lead them away from the precious aeroplane.

Five minutes later the whipped and struggling tail ends of an army stumbled across the apparently unconscious body of a man clad in khaki trousers. He was not dead.

A corporal, his green coat hanging in shreds about his broad shoulders, stirred him gently with his foot. Amboy groaned. The Corporal turned to one of his weary men.

"Jack, see what's the matter with this fellow. He isn't dead, and I can't see any wounds on him."

Amboy took his cue. He struggled over on his side, opened his eyes, and stared about him blankly. The Corporal bent over him.

"What's the matter, my man?" he questioned. "What detachment are you with?"

Amboy's mouth moved awkwardly, then suddenly an idea came to him. He was a fairly good actor.

"Sherrer's Fourth Infantry," he answered. "What brigade is this?"

The officer stiffened.

"You're in the wrong ranks. This is McCabe's Regulars. I'll have to trouble you to accompany us."

Amboy nodded. He rose slowly to his feet and straightened out. The Corporal glanced at him and bit his lips, then suddenly he stretched out his hand with a canteen. Amboy swallowed once or twice, flushing shamefully as he drank the enemy's water. He passed back the water receptacle.

A sharp walk of two hours brought them to the timber line. A moment or two later the long files had passed within the forest to where an old red coffee-house loomed up above the treetops. In the big upper room of this building he was left, with a collection of other prisoners—comrades. The stench in the place turned his stomach. The grave, stricken faces of his own men about him tore his heart with the cruelty of it all. He had shuddered at the disfigurements of the engagement, but now that he was standing near to the results of some of the enemies' fire he felt less compunction against his own calling. There had evidently been but little quarter given on either side.

He lounged over to one of the dusty windows and wondered where they had taken Stearns. Evidently he had been shot when the party stumbled over him back at the mound. But this question was soon to be answered.

The door opened and the Corporal to whom he was indebted for his capture entered. He whispered a few words to the guard before clicking his way through the prisoners to Amboy.

"I must trouble you, sir," he said, courteously, "to come into the General's headquarters."

Amboy signified his willingness with a nod and the two left the room. A moment later he stood before McCabe, dusty, white-haired, with the deep marks of trouble seared into his face. Amboy thought quickly. Tomorrow's engagement! They were depending on him and the Phoenix. He must find a way to get back to the Phoenix!

But the General was speaking.

"You were caught far from your troops. Perhaps you'll give us some explanation?"

The young Lieutenant brushed back his hair and looked steadily into the old man's eyes.

"I had—deserted," he said, calmly.

The General leaned back with a sharp breath. His eyebrows went up quickly, and a sudden look shot between him and the Corporal.

"I thought as much," he said, gruffly, and the blood leaped into Amboy's cheek. But he checked a hasty answer.

"I hardly know—now—why I did it."

A sudden inspiration seized him. He started to speak, but the General practically took the words from his mouth. The Lieutenant reeled with the realization of the fact that the game was playing into his own hands once more.

"When a man deserts his comrades," said the General, sharply, and he leaned forward and scrutinized the man before him, "when a man deserts his comrades, he usually has a change of heart. Perhaps it's so in your case?"

"I could stand it no longer," answered Amboy, smoothly. "We have been in the trenches for twenty-four hours with one meal. No man can stand that treatment but a fool."

Actor that he thought he was, he threw every bit of sham venom he possessed into that sentence. The General regarded him closely.

"You—have been in the trenches?"

"For twenty-four hours," answered Amboy, readily. But the General had risen to his feet, his eyes blazing. The Corporal stepped forward suddenly.

"Then why," roared the gray-haired man, "did you wear that medal?"

His gloved hand just tipped a splotch of gold that gleamed on Amboy's shirt. He had forgotten to throw away his aeronaut pin! He was branded as one of the detested Sky Service men!

"You have played your game as well as you could," said the General, slowly, "but you lack experience. It is the smaller things that count. If you were a soldier, sir, instead of a wholesale murderer—a member of the Sky Service—I should be glad to accord you the rights of war. But out of justice to my—my broken army, I must refuse. Corporal, escort Lieutenant Amboy to the pen!"

Burning with shame and mortification at the result of his poorly executed plans, Amboy was thrust back into the big bullpen with the other prisoners. For a time they crowded eagerly about him, anxious to hear of the engagement and the progress of the battle, but he was sullen and moved away.

No doubt McCabe already had searching parties out looking for the aeroplane. They would naturally look in the vicinity in which they found him and Stearns. He must do something. The whole tide of the war might be depending on the Phoenix playing her share in the next engagement. He dug his fingers into the stone sill of the window in the agony of his torment. But there the mental struggle suddenly ended, and a flush of victory stained his face for a moment.

The next minute he was gazing calmly out into the yard where a big war balloon was being taken from a basket and unpacked for use. He had solved the first part of his problem by an accident. His fingers touched the iron bars of the window—then he lay on the floor and thought—while the guards at either end of the room paced slowly back and forth.

The horror of that night burned into him. He thought of the cooling drink the kindly hearted, undecided Corporal had given him. And as the long line of prisoners, lying spoon-fashion, growled the order to turn over, Amboy's body moved mechanically with them.

At midnight a stray beam of moonlight found its way through the bars of the windows, and fell upon the white faces of the prisoners. The parched feeling in Amboy's throat gave way, and there remained a queer lump which he struggled manfully to swallow. Minute after minute he watched the rays of moonlight as they slowly swept to him, and finally, as one pale streak rested across his face, he reached into his pocket and drew forth a letter. By straining his eyes he could make out the writing. The first sentence stood clear and cold in the night-light.

"You have all of a soldier's honor," he read, "and even if the terrible carnage sweeps you away from me, I shall believe that you have held to that honor to the last."

The lump in his throat was unbearable now. He groaned slightly and licked his lips. It was if she had bent over him there in that stinking prison and breathed the words that hurt so much.

"She wouldn't like it," he muttered to himself. "To kill them as I have done—without a chance—without even a warning! The fortunes of war? Bah! It's murder—I wish—I——"

His thoughts flashed back to the fact that his Government had given him the chance to prove the working of its new war machine—the aeroplane. He remembered his General's words:

"It may be the means of stopping war forever; but it may make murder all the more wholesale!" He had noted that trace of sadness in the General's voice. Maybe he, too, with his rigid, unswaying soldier's honor, had hated the white-winged death-bird. If he were only out of it!

"It isn't honorable," he muttered. "She wouldn't like it."

Suddenly, as the moonbeams swept by him and played on the tired face of the man lying close to him, there came an idea that was just short of being inspiration. For a moment he pondered over it—a smile lit his face.

"It is treason to destroy the Phoenix," he whispered, "but I—I believe it is the most honorable."

An hour later he noticed that the single night guard was sleeping, his carbine lying across his lap. Stealthily he crept from his place and wormed his way along the floor. Prisoners, with the horror of the day's fighting still burning in their brains, muttered in their sleep; but Amboy, like a watchful snake, wriggled on toward the door. There was a moment's hesitation, then his fingers closed around the guard's throat, effectually cutting off his cry of fright. A few dextrous twists and Amboy's silk handkerchief was tied tightly between the man's jaws. It was the work of a minute to fasten his feet securely, then, with his prisoner's carbine, he slunk back along the wall of the room until he came to the window from which he had seen the war balloon being filled. He dared not leave the building by means of the stairs.

The thing that startled him was still there—a dangling snake of inch-thick rope that hung down past the window from the forgotten flag-pole on the roof of the building. With the carbine he softly pried off the bottom of the rusted bars, and a moment later he swung himself over the casing and scrambled to the roof of the old tobacco-house, a scant two feet above. He wondered at the lack of guards, then wondered no more for he had slipped to a low shed and then to the ground. With the carbine over his shoulder he paced slowly back and forth, gradually edging the while toward the outer guard line. When finally he gained the edge of the woods where the tall grass waved in the white moonlight, he dropped the gun and crept rapidly away from the horror pen where he had been confined.

His mind was fully determined. A soldier's honor was at stake, and Amboy, being that soldier, had more than common interest in its preservation.

For mile after mile he hurried through the brush and grass, and finally, creeping slowly with eyes and ears alert, he neared the knoll where the Phoenix was quartered. Once he thought he detected some one moving the great machine. He listened, but the sound was gone into the night. Crawling carefully forward, he reached the pit where the detonators were buried for safe-keeping. His hand fell upon the trapdoor buried a few inches below the surface.

"Damn you!" rasped a voice behind him, and a moment later a heavy hand struck Amboy between the shoulders. His breath was gone, Amboy lay quiet while his assailant's hand found his throat. Slowly, however, his strength returned and with a terrible wrench he shook the man from his back. An instant later his heavy fist shot into the unrecognized face of his antagonist. A body fell heavily, and Amboy, with a flickering match shaded between his hands, knelt over the figure. It was Stearns!

For a moment the Lieutenant gazed down at his partner. The final blow in the face, the least of his injuries, apparently had proved the consummation of them all. His face was steeped and clotted with blood and across his head an ugly scalp-wound of the day before showed itself.

"Fought to the Last!" muttered Amboy, "but then——" he smiled grimly, "he will have a long, long rest."

First dragging the body of his fellow Skyman into the taller grass at a distance, the young Lieutenant returned to the pit. He opened the detonator cache and took out one of the yellow balls from its cotton wrapping. From his pocket he obtained a percussion cap which he carefully wedged down over the blank plug on the detonator. He looked at the aeroplane. Its long white wings glistened in the moonlight, and the stilled propellers shifted uneasily in the breeze which now swept across the moor. Daylight was edging from the east. A pall of smoke still hung suspended high in the air. The grass was burned and stained, and near him was a great hole, browned and discolored, where some shell had burst.

"The angel of death," whispered Lieutenant Amboy, and he ran into the grass. A moment later a yellow ball flew through the air. A terrific detonation followed, and when the dust and debris settled down the white-winged Phoenix lay shattered and broken, a portion of one plane slowly fluttered to earth among the broken spars and stays. When Amboy looked back, a thin column of smoke from the burning canvas was all that marked the resting place of the Phoenix.

Three hours later a strange and tattered couple staggered before the executive post of Sherrer's First Infantry. The gray-haired General stood at attention in the doorway of his tent. From a smaller shelter tent a surgeon came running with his grip of instruments, but Lieutenant Amboy waved him back. Stearns fainted.

"I beg to report, sir—" choked Amboy—"that the Phoenix is totally—destroyed."

The General's lips formed a word. But it remained there unspoken. Amboy found it difficult to continue.

"I have come to be placed under arrest," he continued slowly.

"Lieutenant?"

"The Phoenix, sir, was destroyed by my own hand."

"The devil you say!" A light blazed in Sherrer's eyes. "You destroyed the Phoenix? By whose orders?"

"My own orders, sir," gasped Amboy, painfully, and a second later a black world of nothingness closed about him.

Later in the day he opened his eyes

(Continued on page thirteen.)

A terrific detonation took place.

A Sweetheart's Secret

Or, THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH

By T. C. HARBAUGH

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 32, August 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

IN AFTER years I often went back to my feelings on that night when I stood before the little fat constable of Addison charged with the murder of my Uncle Trajan. Conscious of my own innocence, the horror of the accusation encircled me like a wall of iron.

"You will go with us, Mr. Marshall?" said Brutus Bobbs, though he had the upper hand and the will of the law on his side. I felt for a moment like falling upon the pompous little man and crushing him where he stood. It was with difficulty that I restrained myself.

"Who makes this charge?" I asked, looking him over with all the contempt I could assume.

"I do, sir."

"Upon what grounds?"

"You will discover later on," he returned, but the next instant he took something from his coat pocket.

Carefully unwrapping the paper that covered it, he cast upon the table the dagger which I had found in the hunting lodge after it had been placed there by Mossy Phipps during her trance, and turned toward me a face fairly aflame with victory. He did not speak, and I was silent.

"We have more evidence than that," he went on, allowing his gaze to wander to the blade. "I will not trouble you just now to produce the rest. I will not handcuff you, Mr. Marshall. You will go quietly with Mr. Caron and me?"

"I will give you no concern, but the horror of this infamous accusation!" I cried. "I need not declare my innocence——"

"Perhaps the less you say at this time the better," he interrupted. "We will go now. John!"

Groves, who must have been waiting in the hall, made his appearance, but did not meet my gaze. I felt that this man was at the bottom of the whole dreadful mess. He had threatened to turn upon me, and he had turned. I was yet to garner the full fruits of his villainy.

An hour later the little stone jail of the somewhat antiquated village threw open its doors to receive me. I stood in the cramped cell and gazed silently from the barred window, pent up like a common malefactor. My brain seemed to whirl, and I could hardly divest myself of the thought that it was but a horrid dream, and that I would waken in my bed at Marshedge. The sea was so far away now that I could not hear the roar of the surge. I could see nothing but the grayish sloping roofs of the town, and the aspect was dreary enough.

Sleep came not to my eyes. Who had discovered the dagger in my chamber but John Groves, perhaps at the suggestion of the little constable? I knew it was a terrible weapon in the hands of my enemies, and that they would deride the story I might tell about it. It was the web of circumstantial evidence that seemed to hold me in its relentless grip.

It was near daylight when I heard a slight noise beneath the window of my cell. Some one was moving over the gravel of the narrow walk which circled the jail. Had they set a guard over me, fearing that I might force the bars of my cage and give them the slip? I paid but little attention to the sound, but a minute later it again assailed my inner ear, and I pressed my face against the bars.

"Mr. Marshall?"

The voice was low, but I heard each word with startling distinctness, and the iron seemed to sink into my face.

"Are you asleep?"

Asleep? I was inclined to laugh at the suggestion. How could one sleep under such circumstances?

"I am not asleep," I answered. "Who is it?"

"I'm the plucked pigeon," came up from below. "Of course you don't care to see my mice perform just now, but I thought I would let you know that I don't believe a word of it."

It was Theophilus Brawn, the man who had goaded me to the Burnt House in search of Claudia through his marvelous powers, which I had laughed at.

"I thought that you might need a friend in the outer world at this time," the one-eyed man went on after a brief pause. "What can I do for you?"

What could he do for me? I felt that I could trust this singular person, though but a short time before I was on the point of throwing him headlong downstairs. He was now standing against

"God pity the law then," I said.

the wall of the jail, and I could just see his face and his gleaming eye, which I had suddenly transformed into a beacon of hope.

"Do you know this region?" I asked.

"Fairly well," was the response. "It's a funny thing, but I can go into the trance and see it all. Then I can go anywhere."

"You told me that Claudia was at the Burnt House, but when I went there she was gone?"

"Did I tell you that?" he said. "You see I forget many things after I come back to the present. You didn't find Claudia there?"

"No, I was a trifle too late."

"It's too bad Mr. Marshall. Mebbe she wouldn't like to hear of your arrest."

"I don't want her to hear of it," I answered, quickly. "I want you to go back to Marshedge."

"Yes, I'm listening."

"I want you to keep an eye on John Groves."

"The man o' the place, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll do that, Mr. Marshall."

"Thank you, Brawn. Get close to him, see what he thinks of my arrest. Pump him, find out everything you can, and report."

"I'm off!"

"Wait a moment," I said, as he drew off from the wall. "There's a girl at Marshedge named Mossy Phipps."

"A red-haired bird?" he chuckled.

"Yes."

"I caught her on the outskirts of the grounds and exhibited my mice to her. She's a keener, Mr. Marshall. Says she hates John Groves."

I started.

"Why," cried I, "they are engaged. She's to become the wife of Groves."

"Don't you fool yourself. John Groves hasn't enough to support Mossy. She's got her eye on quite another person."

"On whom?"

"She's set her cap for Jason Sellers, the nabob of the country, told me so in pretty plain English. That girl is a regular talking machine when you get her started."

"Then start her, Brawn," I exclaimed, hardly able to control my feelings. "Pump Mossy dry. Everything may depend on your success."

"But you, Mr. Marshall. They may finish you before I can report."

"They'll do nothing of the kind. A man is entitled to a fair trial in this country, and, besides, there's the law's delay. Mossy Phipps is a somnambulist——"

"Jupiter! I noticed something about her eyes," he interjected, with a little laugh. "Them sleep-trotters are a caution, Mr. Marshall. But I won't forget that."

"Are you sure she told you that she hopes to become Mrs. Jason Sellers?"

"She couldn't hardly have put it in plainer language. It's money and position that girl wants. If I was a millionaire she'd cozen to me, even though I have but one peeper in my head. I'm really off now."

I saw the sloping figure pass down the graveled walk, keeping in the shadows as much as possible, and I watched it until it faded in the distance.

A friend outside was something, and I had become possessed of information which I had alreay suspected. I did not believe that Phipps had really taken to John Groves, but I was not prepared to think that she had lifted her eyes to Jason Sellers. I saw at last the long streaks of dawn that tinted the wakening east. A new day had come, and I felt it would be one with some incidents. Brawn, the strange man, was gone, and I had nothing to do but to wait for the next opening chapter of my fortunes.

It was evident that I would be arraigned in the squire's court before a gaping crowd, some of whom had not seen me since my return. I had gone away a youth and had come back a man, after circling the globe, and now I stood charged with murder. The thought was a bitter one, and while I watched the increasing light, I lived over the years of my self-imposed exile, and at the end saw the silent form I had found in the library at Marshedge.

Presently a key grated in the lock of my cell door and it was opened. Brutus Bobbs and the turnkey presented themselves. There was the self-satisfied face of the little constable.

"You will not be arraigned before tomorrow, Mr. Marshall, owing to Squire Trumbull's absence," simpered Bobbs. "In the meantime if you have any confession to make——"

I sprang across the room so hurriedly that the man drew back with pallor on his face and took partial refuge behind the turnkey.

"Do you think I have any confession to make, you reptile?" I exclaimed. "Tell me where you got the dagger which you laid on the table at Marshedge. It is the blade that killed Trajan Marshall, but it wasn't wielded by my hand. Stand aside there," I addressed the turnkey, "and let me at the rattlesnake whom you shield. I promise you that he will never again weave a web of villainy."

"Keep off, sir!" cried the frightened Bobbs. "Remember I am the law."

"God pity the law then!" I sent into his teeth, and, turning my back on the pair, I went over to the window, nor stirred till I heard the door shut behind them.

CHAPTER X.

DISPOSSESSED.

It was like a dream to find myself back at Marshedge. The wheel of fate or fortune had made a swift and startling turn, and I no longer inhabited the little stone jail in Addison. It was by no wish of Constable Bobbs' that I had been restored to liberty, for that functionary had other matters to look after, though I was sure he had not forgotten me.

On the second night after my arrest some unknown person entered the constable's house and committed a burglary which had become the talk of the town. Brutus Bobbs was in no condition to give particulars, for he had had a struggle with the evil-doer and had got worsted, as his bandaged face showed. He declared that the housebreaker had carried off some important evidence upon which he had relied to fasten the tragedy of Marshedge upon the man whom he had arrested, which was myself. Therefore he threw up his hands "for the present," and he emphasized his words, and I was released.

Still under suspicion, though I felt that I had more than half of the countryside with me, I took up my old quarters and looked about me. I had heard nothing of the man with the white mice since he had departed on his errand in my behalf, and when I returned to the old house I could hear nothing of him.

Gradually it came to light that the constable's burglar had carried off the dagger which had been found in my room, where I had placed it after my adventure with Mossy Phipps, and there was a hint that a very important letter in the chain of evidence had been taken away with it. The letter, I thought, could have been none other than the one I had written to my uncle while abroad, and of which I had found nothing but the empty envelope, I did not care to encounter John Groves, but I realized that if both of us remained at Marshedge such an encounter was unavoidable, and I was relieved when, the day after my return, I was told that the man had gone on a visit to a maiden sister at Seabeach, a hamlet some miles away.

"Now for the missing will!" I thought when I had pulled myself together. "Every hole and corner of the house shall be searched," for I believed that it was playing a part in the mystery of the library.

What was my surprise, three days after my return, when I was informed that I was wanted in the parlor. When I entered the room I was confronted by a man whom I had seen but once since my coming home from abroad. He stood at the mantel with one arm resting carelessly upon it while he waited for me. It was Jason Sellers!

There was a haughtiness about him, coupled with a deep flash in his dark eyes, which I did not like. We exchanged looks as I moved to the middle of the room, from which I silently regarded him.

"I must congratulate you upon your lucky escape," he began, in half-derisive tones. "Fortune plays some strange tricks now and then."

My gorge rose as he finished.

"I am sure I owe nothing to you," said I.

"That is true, but there's no use in flaring up that way. I have called on a little business."

I was in no humor to deal kindly with this man to whom Claudia owed much of her trouble.

"Proceed," I answered. "And when you have finished you will do me a favor by taking your departure."

The flash deepened; his lips twitched.

"I have called to inform you that Marshedge belongs to me," said he, and every word went through me like an electric current.

"To you?"

"To Jason Sellers, as the deed shows, and I am Jason Sellers."

What could I say?

"I see you want to be convinced," he went on, in his same rasping voice. "If you will look at this paper, I think no further explanations will be considered necessary."

He drew from an inner pocket a legal-looking document which he opened on the table, turning it toward me with his long, thin hands. A glance was enough. It was a deed in which Marshedge had been transferred to Jason Sellers by my uncle, Trajan Marshall. My eyes rested on the page for a moment, and then I lifted them to the cool man before me.

"Are you satisfied?" he inquired, and victory was in his tone.

"The paper seems legal——"

"Seems legal?" he echoed. "Think you a person of my standing would present anything else?"

"I will say that it is legal," I replied, swallowing my ire as best I could.

"To be sure it is. And now, since I own Marshedge, Mr. Marshall, I must ask you to vacate."

I knew this was coming. I was to be driven out into the world with a cloud over my head, and by this man! By

what means he had fallen into possession of Marshedge I could not imagine, but I was sure that if the dead could speak there would be a revelation which would unravel the mystery.

"You will go, Mr. Marshall?" were the words which called me back to myself.

Rebellion hot and furious rose in my heart. I knew that, armed with the deed, I could be evicted by this man. He held all the trumps in the game, and it was certain that he would play them as against me. Then, there was Claudia. I took two strides about the room to calm my mind, but it was a failure.

"I shall not go till I am ready!" I cried, as I whirled on my heel and came face to face with Jason Sellers.

"You will not?"

"I will not!"

He reached out and silently pocketed the deed.

"I shall remain till I have found my uncle's will," said I.

"And what do you expect to gain by such success?" he exclaimed, as his face went white.

"Nothing perhaps for myself, but justice for another."

"Let me tell you. Your uncle did draw up a will, but he afterward destroyed it."

I did not believe this, and my look must have told Jason Sellers so.

"I shall look for the will just the same," said I, boldly meeting his gaze.

"You are determined to prove stubborn?"

"Until my search has ended, yes."

I fancied a triumphant gleam came back to his baleful eyes.

"That is all," said he, moving toward the door. "You must have had some accomplices outside the jail."

With a sudden leap I planted myself between him and the door. He lost every vestige of color.

"Accomplices outside the jail?" cried I. "You must explain, Jason Sellers."

He knew I had youth on my side, and when he looked at my hands he saw that they were clinched till the veins stood out like whipcords.

"You shall not leave this house, though I know it is yours, but through what infernal chicanery I cannot say, till you have explained your base insinuation."

"You have heard of the burglary?"

"At the constable's house?"

"Yes."

"I have heard that he was robbed."

"Nothing was taken but evidence which would have confronted you in a court of justice."

"As though I connived at the crime!"

"Why was nothing but such evidence carried away?" cried Jason Sellers. "You are free by the lack of it. Constable Bobbs, who struggled with the burglar declares that he was masked. He was finally tied and forced to see the man plunder the house, taking only evidence of the murder of Trajan Marshall."

"Perchance the burglar was the assassin himself," I said sarcastically.

"No one believes this."

"What do you believe?"

I took a step toward him and looked his squarely in the eye.

"I believe that the burglar was simply a hired man," was the reply. "He took only what his employer wanted taken."

"And his employer——"

My sentence was broken by the opening of the door behind me. I did not turn around, but intuition told me that some important player in this strange game was there. Jason Sellers uttered a sharp little cry. The voice which the next moment fell upon my ears thrilled me in every fiber of my being.

"Pardon me," it said, "I did not know that I was intruding."

It was Claudia's voice. When I turned I came face to face with the girl upon whom my whole being was centered. She stood erect and noble, with no color in her face, with her white hands pressed upon her bosom, which rose and fell like baby waves at sea.

"Claudia!" I cried.

"I have come back, Roland. What means this?"

She looked from me to Jason Sellers. There was no answer from the ashen lips of the owner of Marshedge. Silently I held out my arms, and she glided into them. She lifted her eyes to my face, and I felt her tremble.

"I am glad you have come back, Claudia," said I. "Mr. Sellers there is the owner of Marshedge, and——"

Claudia broke from my embrace with a startling cry.

"The owner of Marshedge? That man?" rang from her throat. "Not by fair means. And if he says by fair means, he lies!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE WHITE MICE AGAIN.

The effect of Claudia's words upon Jason Sellers was startling. He went red and white by turns. The look he gave us as he moved without answering toward the door I never forgot. We heard him stamping down the corridor, and if we had looked from the window I am sure we would have seen him bolting like a wild beast across the lawn. But we were satisfied to let him go without further notice, for once more together we saw only the present.

I longed to ask Claudia where she had been, and why she had come back, but refrained. It was enough for me to know that once more I held her in my arms.

"The will?" she cried, in answer to my reference to it. "There is a will, or at least your uncle made one. I remember the night, for Lawyer Martin had been sent for, and John Groves and Tillie, the servant who went away afterward, were summoned to the library. I had been away for years myself, but had stolen back to the house for a forgotten keepsake, and Tillie told me what was going on. We will search the place for the will."

A little excitement reigned at Marshedge when the servants discovered that Claudia had returned. Mossy Phipps held her head high, and scarcely deigned to notice her, but Claudia took possession of her old room and seemed at home again.

The whereabouts of the man with the white mice puzzled me, yet I dared not seek to ascertain if he had been to the place. After all, perhaps, he had failed to keep his promise to smoke Phipps out.

Not far from the house itself ran a little brook, which, from my boyhood days and long before, had gone by the name of Sunny Rill. At one place a waterfall added to the woody picturesqueness of the stream, and I had spent many hours there with rod and line. It was a famous place for trout, and more than one bag I had filled with the gamy fish.

Our search for the missing will proved fruitless, and the fourth day after Claudia's return, in the shades of evening, I betook myself to the brook, seeking a secluded spot where I could think and pluck amid silence some new plans for the future. Claudia, I knew, was in her own room, and the servants were disposed about the house in a manner which promised me no annoyance.

The ownership of Marshedge troubled me not a little. That the old place should have fallen into the hands of such a man as Jason Sellers was wormwood. I had not forgotten what Mrs. Clarke had told me about her look into the library, one night when she saw my uncle sign a certain paper, with the rich man bending over him with threatening mien. That coercion was afoot that night I did not doubt, but the manner of it was a perplexing mystery.

I was therefore totally unprepared for the adventure which overtook me at the waterfall. When I reached the foot of the narrow path which lay at the base of the little cataract, I suddenly recoiled, for I had almost stepped upon the body of a man which lay face downward. More than this, for at the same moment which brought the figure into view I perceived two small animals which were playing near the man's hand. They were white mice, and as I stooped above them they raised their heads and stared out of their pink eyes at me.

Curbing my excitement as well as I could, I turned the body over and gazed into the face of Theophilus Brawn. The man had been dead many hours, but still the one strange eye seemed to stare at me and appeal for vengeance. At first there were no visible signs of violence about the body, but when I opened the shirt in front I saw a dark spot which told only too well that a bullet had robbed the owner of the white mice of his life.

To go back to the house and raise the alarm was my first thought, but I held it in restraint and remained with it. The sun was throwing its parting rays through the trees and drowning the purling waters with roseate hues. The vicinity was deathly quiet. It was an ideal place for crime, so far as concealment went, for no habitation was in sight, and the dense wood baffled observation.

It went through me like a flash that Brawn had been put out of the way because he was in somebody's path, but why he had been left where he had fallen was an enigma. There were no signs of a struggle. Probably the assassin had stolen upon his victim, whom he may have followed, and slain him before he had had a chance for his life.

The little cage in which the mice had been kept had fallen from the man's pocket, and I picked it up, whereupon the pretty things ran around my feet and seemed to seek their accustomed shelter. I allowed them to house themselves, after which I pocketed them and turned again to the dead man.

At length I turned toward the house, which I entered unperceived. As I was about to ascend to my room I found myself face to face with a figure midway on the staircase. It was Mossy Phipps, and the moment she saw me she recoiled against the wall, at the same time uttering a faint cry.

"Mr. Roland!" she exclaimed, as she seemed to pull herself together, "I did not know you were out."

"Why should not one be out?" I returned, moving toward her, and then before she could reply, I continued:

"Come down into the library. I picked up something interesting in the woods."

She looked at me in scared silence, but followed, and I ushered her into the room of the tragedy.

"Light the lamp. It is quite dark here."

She obeyed with a look of wonder, and the room was soon visible everywhere.

I moved to the table and took the white mice from my pocket. As I opened the little wire door, the pair scampered out on the cloth, and Mossy Phipps recoiled.

"Why, they're mice!" she exclaimed, throwing a look into my face. "I am afraid of the creatures."

"They'll hurt no one," said I.

"Of all things, where did you get them, Mr. Roland?"

"Where do you think?"

The girl shook her head.

"You have never seen them before?"

"I? What should I have to do with such detestable creatures?"

"Maybe they gave their owner the slip?"

"And who, pray, Mr. Roland, is their owner?"

"You appear to have a short memory," I replied, transfixing her with a look. "Theophilus Brawn told me that he had them perform for you."

Instantly the girl flashed up like powder.

"The man lies!" she exclaimed. "I have nothing to do with men who make playthings of mice."

"You are quite sure?"

"I am very sure." She looked toward the door, but I suddenly placed myself between her and the portal.

"I'm afraid of the creatures," she went on. "You will let me out, Mr. Roland?"

"In a moment."

"Now!"

Her voice was thrilling in its intonation. She seemed to increase an inch in stature.

"Remember this is not your house," she threw into my teeth. "You are here by the sufferance of its owner. I demand that you let me out. If you refuse——"

She checked herself and remained silent.

"Why don't you finish your sentence?" I bantered. "I am waiting on you, Miss Phipps."

"I will finish, since you ask me to. Marshedge belongs to Jason Sellers. He has given you your orders, and the law is on his side. Neither you nor Claudia Grenfell has any right here."

"But we are here," said I, and the girl's face went quite white again. "You have seen fit to lie to me, Miss Phipps. When I say that you have seen the white mice before now, I know what I am talking about. The dead man told me that they performed for you."

"The—dead—man?"

"Yes."

"You are talking in riddles?" she cried. "I never saw those contemptible creatures till now. I swear it, Mr. Roland. But I will go. You have no right to hold me here against my will."

"I am not holding you." I stepped away from the door and looked searchingly into her ashen face. "When you marry John Groves——"

"I marry that wretch?" she interrupted. "I marry no beast. I have a better chance."

"But he says you are his promised wife."

"I was, but the match is broken. Listen to me. When I become mistress of Marshedge, neither you nor any other man shall cross my path under its roof. Do you hear that, Roland Marshall?"

"My hearing is excellent," I laughed. "If you think that Jason Sellers is going to make you his wife——"

"He is! he is!" she broke in. "He dare not refuse. I hold him there—like that!" and she thrust out her clinched hand. "Now, sir, I am off."

I watched her till she laid her hand on the doorknob.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "You will find the owner of the white mice at the foot of the fall."

She seemed about to take a step toward me, but as suddenly changed her mind.

"I don't know him. I never saw his mice before. If you say I have, I tell you it is false!" and when once more I found myself alone, I believed that Mossy Phipps knew who killed Theophilus Brawn.

CHAPTER XII.

STRANGE PROCEEDINGS.

Claudia was inexpressibly shocked when she learned of the second tragedy at Marshedge. I had told her nothing of my relations with the man with the white mice, fearing that she would laugh at my credulity, and not until the authorities had come and taken away the grewsome thing at the foot of the falls did I reveal all to her.

"It is strange, very strange," was her comment. "Theophilus Brawn was a person gifted with singular powers, and I believe he met his doom at the hand of some person whom he was shadowing. Roland," and she looked up into my face with a faint smile, "Marshedge has become an accursed spot and we must leave it."

"Not until this red skein has been unraveled," I answered, with determination. "I am still on the suspected list, and to run away now would only prejudice against me those who, as yet, believe in my innocence."

"I did not think of that. No, we shall not go. I am more than ever convinced that there was a will, not that I expect to benefit by it, but because everything points to its existence at one time. What are you going to do with the white mice?"

Her query was so abrupt that I started.

"I shall take care of the little creatures now that their master is dead," said I.

"I am not afraid of mice," she went on, smiling again. "Let me be their custodian, Roland."

Not long after this the two mice were installed in Claudia's room in the east wing of the mansion, and I went about another matter.

Since Claudia's return I had not broached the subject of her appearance on the marsh road the night of the first mystery. She had confessed in her letter that she had been on the premises about that time, and this confirmed my observation. Why she had come back that night was still a puzzle, and I believed, against my will, that she was holding back a secret connected with the crime of the library. Claudia guilty of that murder? No! The very semblance of such a suspicion was repugnant to my nature, but a belief that she had seen something gripped me as with a giant's clutch.

It was several hours after the body of Theophilus Brawn had been removed that I came suddenly face to face with a woman in the grove near the house whither I had stolen for the purpose of marshaling my thoughts in a systematic manner. The moment I spied the figure Mossy Phipps came into my mind.

I advanced with rapid strides, and all at once the woman turned, and I stood face to face with Jenkins, the second maid. She was quite a different girl from Miss Phipps, tall and stately, with a little cast in one eye which did not greatly interfere with her rather prepossessing looks. She waited for me as I came up.

"Mr. Roland," she said, leaning slightly against one of the trees. "You gave me quite a fright. I thought you were the other person."

"What other person, Jenkins?"

"The man whom I have been following. It was a singular experience. I caught sight of him in the marsh road, and, having inherited a fearless disposition from my father who was an army cornet, I resolved to give him chase. He vanished down yonder a few moments ago," and she pointed toward the gate which let one out of the grove into the road which led into the village.

"What was he like?"

"He was rather burly in appearance, but then I could not see him well on account of the uncertain light."

"Let us see if we can find him."

The tall girl stepped beside me, and we passed through the grove and stood in the road. The moon had now risen and showered her light upon the way. Jenkins' keenness of vision surprised me.

"Here are his tracks, Mr. Roland!" she suddenly exclaimed, pointing to the ground at her feet. "He has gone toward the town."

I bent downward and began to inspect the footprints before me.

"Hobnails in his shoes, Jenkins," I said, looking up at her.

"A working man, then," she smiled.

"It looks that way, but what would bring a man of such description to Marshedge at this hour?"

The puzzled maid shook her head.

"He evidently has too much the start of us," I resumed. "If he saw you he may have quickened his gait, and is now beyond pursuit."

"We might follow to the bridge," the girl suggested.

"The bridge it is!" and I rose to my feet.

Half a mile from the gate a small creek meandered through the locality. The bridge was a simple structure, barely wide enough to admit of the passage of a team, and on each side was a wooden railing. At the farther end of the structure was a large tree whose branches drooped and cast the immediate vicinity in shadow. I had known the tree from my boyhood, and more than once had chased squirrels into an opening about six feet from the ground.

"The man! the man!" suddenly ejaculated Jenkins, clutching my arm, and drawing me back into the shadows.

"Where?"

"At the tree, Mr. Roland. Do you not see him standing against the trunk? Where are your eyes?"

By concentrating my gaze upon the spot designated by the almost breathless girl, I made out something that did not wholly belong to the oak. It gradually assumed human shape, and before long I made out the form of a man. If he had seen us he was keeping in the shadows, and whilst I wondered if we had been discovered, the man moved into full view and stood erect.

"That's the man I saw," whispered Jenkins.

I felt like bounding forward and demanding to know what had brought him to Marshedge, but calmer thought prevailed. Presently the fellow, with some assurance, struck a light and applied it to a pipe which he took from his pocket. Leaning against the body of the tree, he began to smoke, sending into the air eerie rings which disappeared in the tree.

"He's a cool head, Mr. Roland," said Jenkins, in low tones.

"Obviously he is ignorant of our presence," I answered. "Is he waiting for some one?"

"Yes. Look!"

I followed the girl's finger, and beheld some one approaching from toward the house. We were in danger of being seen, and the next moment we crouched among the bushes at the edge of the road. The person whom Jenkins had singled out came on with a light step. When the form was almost opposite our ambush I nearly betrayed our presence with a sharp cry. The newcomer was

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Who Was the Traitor?

A STORY OF FORT DESPAIR

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 33, Aug. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOOTPRINTS.

THE garrison at Fort Despair consisted of three troops, B, C and D. None had its full numbers, and the total, exclusive of a few in hospital, was hardly two hundred and fifty men. Captain Relford had long commanded Troop B, while the other divisions were each under a lieutenant. Saywood, on his arrival, took place as commander of D, and C was led by Lieutenant Morcratz. The latter being Saywood's junior, was displaced as second in command by the new arrival.

The second lieutenants were all West Point men, and though none had been through the grueling experience of actual fighting, they had been in Arizona long enough to lose a part of the know-it-all feeling with which they had graduated from the military academy. Hard knocks had developed second thought which was the first step toward wisdom.

Of this lot, one—Payson of Troop C—had never possessed an oversupply of conceit, and though inclined to boyish lightness of spirits, he was a brainy youth who made many friends. At the start he took a fancy to Saywood, and as this did not displease the newcomer, they passed various hours when off duty in social conversation.

The evening after the return of the charts, Payson dropped in to see his superior, and as they talked conversation naturally drifted to garrison matters.

"I hope it won't be my lot to die here," said Payson, laughing, "for I can't imagine my ghost being content to hover here many moons, but while I am in the flesh I make the best of a bad post. It's a gloomy old fort, sure enough, but why should the fact corrode my temper? I'm making the best of the bargain I got from my Government."

"Everybody here seems to be on good terms."

"Happy family, sure enough."

"And a good commandant."

"Captain Relford is all right. Say, though, it's a shame that man is kept down here, and do you know, the funny part is that it is a compliment to him. Once in a few moons he has to ride and squint those old Apache bucks over and say sweet things to keep them good-tempered. The War Department says that as Relford is the man who licked them when they went on the warpath, he's the man capable of keeping them peaceful now. He's made his mark, you see, and the reds are scary of him. He's soft as silk when he's talking with them, but they know a war-horse when they see one, and they don't fool with Relford."

"So his renown keeps him here."

"Just so. Queer, isn't it? If the Government trusted him less he would be shipped off to a better post, but that would be to his discredit. Relford is a warrior and diplomat, both in one—though he has not caught Claggitt's gang."

"Claggitt?"

"That's the reputed name of the leader of the gang in the hills."

"I had not heard his name before."

"Quite likely. Nobody really knows his name, but I heard that report, once, and kept the name in my memory."

"Well, why is it that Claggitt can't be routed out over there?"

"He seems to know all we do beforehand, and all we mean to do."

"How can he?"

"Mind reading, I reckon, or the use of a long-range field-glass, and readiness to move when it's used. Plan anything, and Claggitt is certain to know of it before the troopers get into the saddle. Why, it's as if the flag on our staff told tales."

"Is it not possible that the talebearer walks on two legs?"

"Meaning a traitor here?"

"Your words suggested that idea."

"I'll take them back. Can't belive we have a traitor. No, sir! It is clean impossible, though——"

Payson knocked the ash from his cigar into its receptacle, and sat looking at the result absent-mindedly. Saywood allowed him to think, but the young fellow suddenly straightened up alertly.

"Though it's impossible."

"You grow tautological, Payson. Finish, will you. It is impossible, though—though what?"

"Some things beat the deuce! Reckon Claggitt was born under a lucky star. Anyhow, we don't get him, and he does get our horses, saddles, money."

"In your secret heart, Payson, you think there is a traitor here."

"Wrong! I don't take the risk of thinking. Morcratz doesn't permit it. He's like Captain Relford—all faith, all strictness, all soldier. Neither man would believe a screw was loose here, simply because it would be to the discredit of Uncle Sam's blue-coats."

"We have men here who are not troopers. We have blacksmiths, hostlers, carpenters, tailors, cobblers, together with female servants and laundresses. Any one could be a talebearer."

"Yes, but how the dickens could that small fry get hold of our plans? Our officers don't confide in tailors and laundresses."

There was a look in Payson's eyes that his companion did not fully understand, and after the young fellow had studied him for a moment he suddenly grew buoyant of manner.

"Neither of us has said that the ladies in officers' row may be traitors. Gallantry forbids that suggestion. Thunder! but we can match any civilized city, as far as our numbers permit, in contributing to beauty's realm. Look at Estelle Reford and Zyra Cheswick. Just now they are in Arizona, but both were educated in the East. New York has bent the knee to them. Chicago, St. Louis, and Denver have worshiped. Ditto, Payson of Fort Despair. Beauty, brains, style, wit—may I ask for another cigar, Saywood?"

"I claim you for my guide."

"Yes, and you may do more. Tell me frankly if you have definite suspicions."

"I have not. One half of my brain says there must be a talebearer hereabouts, while the other half swears I'm a fool to think it's so. The two halves twit each other, so I'm all at sea. Definite suspicions? Emphatically, no!"

"Who else thinks it possible?"

"Don't know. I mentioned it once to Lieutenant Morcratz, and he nearly bit my head off. As he looks at it, all under the flag are the souls of honor."

The subject seemed exhausted, so Saywood did not hold his subordinate to the point longer, but as he thought the point over, when Payson had gone, he put one and one together. If everybody at Fort Despair was so loyal, who had meddled with his charts?

The impression was strong in Saywood's mind that something was decidedly wrong at Fort Despair, and that the mischief-makers were so well masked that even Captain Relford, experienced as he was, had failed to penetrate the mystery. Saywood aspired to get behind the mask.

Of course it was nothing that tended to disturb the well-being of the United States that certain things were being stolen from, or near, a remote post, but the Lieutenant did not feel kindly toward thieves in general, and it would be a pleasant relaxation from humdrum duty to bring the Claggitt gang to punishment. That was his line of argument, but he fell asleep without exactly seeing how he was to do it.

The next morning, when he stepped out on the piazza, Lieutenant Morcratz was passing, Saywood smiled and bowed genially to him. He received only a stiff nod in return, and a fact that the newcomer had before discovered was made more apparent. Morcratz had been reduced from his position as second officer of the post by Saywood's coming, and he resented it. As he retained his rank and his command of Troop C, the reduction was but nominal, but he did not like it, and he unjustly put the blame upon the new arrival. Saywood had not found Morcratz an agreeable companion, but as he seemed to be confirmed in his folly there was no help for it; he must cherish his childish antipathy if he saw fit.

Over in the next yard Wesley, servant to Captain Relford, was arranging the line of earth along the connecting point where flowers were blooming in the soil brought from the stream to secure fertility. He was a short, broad man to whom the Lieutenant had never taken, but he had reasons for wanting to be sociable with him now. He sauntered to the fence and smiled upon the broad man.

"Always busy, I see, Wesley," he remarked.

The striker straightened up and turned a surly face.

"Penalty of Adam's sin!" he growled. "That old fellow put it all over me, though I suppose somebody else would have broken over the bars before now, and so doomed me to scrub and toil, if Adam hadn't."

"Looks to me as if you liked work."

"Same as I like smallpox and cholera. Work! Pah! Some day I'll go on strike and never do another bit. Blame work!"

"You keep this yard looking fine."

"Orders from my boss."

"Meaning Captain Relford?"

Wesley's eyes grew noticeably sharper.

"Who else should I mean?" he snapped.

"There are others in the family, but possibly you forget the ladies."

"Oh!" said Wesley, grinning. "So you mean them? Gals, eh? Say, if I was a young chap—but I ain't. You be, sir. Yes, sir. And I wish you good luck, sir."

It was civilly said, and perhaps the striker accumulated the word "sir" because he had overlooked it before, but he did not regard the Lieutenant with a more favorabfe eye. The latter had found him a curt, ill-tempered person from the beginning, and the talk with him was far from pleasing. Something else was more satisfactory.

Wesley, moving about, had left footprints in the soft earth, and Saywood, watching while he assumed carelessness, found them interestingly familiar. Being an old trailer, all such things meant something. And the footprints of the burglar of his house were duplicated where Wesley had trod.

CHAPTER V.

THE OUTLAW HILLS.

Saywood felt that there was no doubt about it. Practically all his life had been passed where trailing was either a necessity or a relaxation, and, bred to the art, he could read footprints in a way calculated to amaze a novice. Such marks spoke clearly to him, and he could not blind himself if he would.

Wesley had an oddly short, stumpy foot, and his tracks were alive with individuality. Besides, it was not surprising to the Lieutenant that the striker was making footprints exactly like those made by the man with whom he had fought that night. Dark as it had been, then, he had seen his opponent clearly enough to believe that he recognized Wesley. He had promptly questioned Captain Relford, but that officer's expression of confidence in the man had silenced Saywood.

A little later, when he entered the house, Griffen had something to say. He, too, had been studying tracks, and he announced that he had located the burglar.

"It's Wesley, sir," he said, and went into details.

Saywood was bewildered and wholly at a loss what to do. Relford was his superior officer and firm in his confidence in Wesley. Although pledged to remain quiet and let the Captain do all of the investigating the Lieutenant might have brought Wesley up again, but there was more in the footprint line. There was a deluge of it. And Saywood was hardly prepared to go the length of freeing his mind as to the other tracks. If Relford was so confident as to Wesley, he surely would not be convinced by any evidence that brought Estelle or Zyra into the plot.

"Of course I keep that part dark," mused the Lieutenant. "I am not wholly a fool, and surely neither could have a guilty secret, although I don't understand——"

He broke off, but he had put an undoubted truth into words—he did not understand.

Before leaving the house he took another look at his charts. They had been stolen and afterward returned. But why? What possible interest could they have for a second party? He looked them over critically. He had marked down here a ridge, there a depression, elsewhere a cliff, a water-course, a barren stretch, a timbered valley, and so on. It was all very well, and characteristic of a man who took kindly to figures and maps, as Saywood did, but why should anybody else care about it? As the way in the hills he had thus far seen was well known to all who had been there before him, why should anybody desire to steal his charts? Disgusted, he flung the papers back on the shelf.

"Hang it all, I'll drop the matter, and let it stay dropped—if it will."

That afternoon the herd went out to graze with Corporal Sloan in charge of the guard. Saywood watched until they crossed the stream and entered the nearer hills, where grass, invisible from the post, awaited the animals. Then the Lieutenant ordered his roan mount and himself left the garrison. As he trotted easily away, the sentry on post six nodded to his comrade at five.

"That man is a glutton for work," he remarked.

Unconscious of the compliment, Saywood continued his way, fording where the guard had forded, and following their tracks until free from observation from the fort. Then he turned to the right, took a course of his own, and passed the slow-moving live-stock at a wide detour. He went a distance, dismounted, climbed to an elevated spot, and, at times using his field-glass, looked the region over as well as possible.

For one thing, recalling how much property had been lost in the past, he was attentive to Corporal Sloan's management, but that officer seemed disposed to hold his herd in safe bounds he was soon dropped.

From his position the houses of officers' row, the barracks, the outbuildings, and all else at the post were plainly visible, and the thought was in his mind that hostile lookers could see as much. If Claggitt, the reputed outlaw leader, had a glass, he could watch proceedings beyond with ease, and if he saw a convoy of any sort going forth he could launch his desperadoes upon the weaker party at brief notice.

"Moral," thought the Lieutenant, "there should never be a weaker party. Some day I'll give Claggitt more than his fill."

Saywood was not abroad for idle looking, and he was about to turn away and get back to his horse when his attention was attracted by an object that moved at a certain point. A window blind was flung open in the upper part of a house, and the house was Captain Relford's. Possibly the blind was stubborn about fastening back, for three separate

motions were made before it was finally left to itself.

It seemed an inconsequential affair, and even the fact that the strong glass told the observer that the hands moving the object were those of Wesley did not serve to make it noticeably important.

Wesley disappeared, and the Lieutenant again turned away. He was soon with his horse, mounted and on his way.

Before him was one of the few long, fairly level ravines in the hills where it was possible to get something out of a horse, and he set the roan to a gallop and covered half a mile in short time. Going, he kept his eyes busy, scanning every rock, tree, and other wayside thing with keen attention, and drinking in the features of the landscape he aspired to know in full.

Reaching the end of the level he set his horse to climbing a rougher stretch beyond, but had gone only a few rods when he heard the beat of hoofs behind him. He turned, looked, and saw the rider. It was Zyra Cheswick.

He had his surprise, but any uncertainty as to his course was forestalled, when, still galloping and with attention fixed upon him, she lifted her hand and waved to him. Freedom of choice was denied him, and, rather uncertain as to whether he was pleased or not, he reined in his mount and waited. Zyra climbed as he had climbed, and came nearer.

"Number two!" she called out cheerily.

"Meaning?" he questioned, laughing.

"That the man who would ride alone is lacking in gallantry, and that I am number two. Or maybe you will turn a cold shoulder upon so humble a companion."

"I claim you for my guide!" he promptly declared.

"That's equivalent to saying that I am familiar with the ground here. Well, I've been even farther than this before now, but it was all luck getting back. You are a person of figures and system, but to me a rock is only a rock, and a tree merely a tree."

"This is the first time I ever doubted your word. Argument would still leave me an unbeliever. Be that as it may, I did not know you were riding until I heard the tattoo of your horse's feet."

"Knowing your ways, I always am prepared to hear you are in saddle. I did not know it today until you swept past the cross-gulch where I was plodding along—swept past like a roan tornado. Whither away, warrior? Going to plunge deep into the hills?"

"Can't say how far."

"Take me into the dreadful regions where the outlaws live."

"If you will guide me, I'll surely take you."

"That seems mixed. Really, though, Lieutenant," and her manner became enthusiastic, "I always have had a thirst to see where those knaves live. If it were not that they occasionally break out and kill a few ranchers over west of here—in Sunset Valley, you know—I should find the fellows delightfully romantic. Maybe you do, anyway?"

"Can't say. I haven't seen them."

"Romantic? Why, yes, in spite of their killings. I picture it all. A score or two of them, outcasts from civilization, a price upon every man's head, a real village of their own, cabins nestled among the cliffs, hidden homes, women, children, wild men and wild beauties; but—here's where romance is tripped up—rifles, revolvers, knives, seething passions, and crimes. That's their tribe."

"Can you prove one feature of the picture?"

Saywood eyed her keenly as he asked, but she smiled brightly back at him.

"At present, no. Let's have the proof. Let's ride to the outlaw quarters."

"Do you think they can be found in one day?"

"You stagger me, Mr. Saywood. I remember that Captain Relford has searched for years—but let us go. Who leads? Or do we go together?"

"I shall certainly be glad to have your company, but as for finding where the outlaws live, I fear you will be disappointed. Men who have hidden for so long are not to be unmasked like this. However, I wish to ride for topographical information, and if you care to meet so rough a tangle, your company will lighten my labors."

"You are too much lacking in optimism. We are going to find—are you armed?" and she glanced mischievously at his brace of revolvers and cartridge belt.

"Slightly."

"Then we will find the outlaws. I've decided that point."

Saywood was not so sure of it, but he was glad that she had found him. On the whole, riding the hills was lonely labor when he was alone, but Zyra, bright, gay, and full of her odd fancies, put a different face upon the investigation. Possibly he would learn less of the way, but the loss would be offset by some gain.

Locating the sun definitely, they pushed forward in a course as near direct as the rough traveling permitted. After all, the Lieutenant mused, it would not be a bad idea to penetrate directly into the mysterious region beyond. If, by an unexpected chance, they happened upon the outlaw lair, his weapons should prove a safeguard.

Presently, as they went side by side, they rode along a gap between walls of rock so narrow that Zyra's foot briefly touched the Lieutenant. With the foot brought to his attention, he noticed its trimness, and, recalling something else, wondered how he could secure its outline in a track. He gravely considered whether it would be like other trim tracks he had seen at the garrison.

CHAPTER VI.

HEIRS OF TRAGEDY.

The idea took possession of Saywood. When the burglar entered his house a woman with daintily-shod feet had somehow been mixed up with the affair, and he would have been blind not to suspect that she was either Estelle Relford or Zyra Cheswick. If he could eliminate one of the two he would have a clear field in which to exercise his suspicions. Now, if he could only get an imprint of Zyra's feet!

Ten minutes later he believed he saw his chance. They reached a stream that brawled down from the upper land, generally confined to rocky walls, but at this particular point showing a clear space for ten yards or so, too, that a pool had lately been there, for a muddy belt was on either side. Something had demolished the pool, but the mud had not yet dried.

"An excellent place to get a drink," he remarked. "Wait while I fill my cup for you."

He sprang down, went to the stream, found the mud barely a crust, but still fit for his purpose, and then filled the cup. This done, he affected to look down where the water took a little gorge below.

"Here's a romantic spot," he remarked. "If you don't mind the exertion, come and have a look."

She was off her horse in a flash and advancing toward him. A smile was on her face, and she was unconscious of the mud that was waiting to betray her. Nearer yet—she stepped into the damp area.

"Romantic, surely," she commented, looking. "Narrow walls, plenty of froth and tiny whirlpools. Rather fine, though there are many in the hills like it."

"If you would move a little nearer——"

She moved, leaving footprints behind her in the thin mud. While she looked down the stream Saywood surveyed the tracks. Immediately he saw that they were not those of the woman who had figured so conspicuously on the night of the burglary and afterward.

The problem was thus narrowed down to Estelle.

Forgetting to entertain his companion, Saywood stood pondering over the mystery forced upon him. The events accompanying the temporary purioining of his charts had never been marked with more than a ray of light, and now the darkness was deeper than ever. Estelle, as daughter of the Commandant, easily had place as the leading lady at Fort Despair. It seemed absurd to associate her with the burglarious operations, yet —the footprints! What did it mean? What——

Zyra's voice broke in upon his meditations.

"Why, what is that out yonder?" she asked. "It looks like—but of course it isn't."

She was pointing to the slightly higher land across the stream, the crown of earth that topped the rocky rise. It required no more than the leveled finger to direct Saywood, and, directed, he became keenly interested at once. What he saw was so unexpected that he lost the power of speech, and, after a long stare, leaped the water and climbed the bank.

Right there lay a man, lifeless. He was half upon his side, bolstered up in that position by an object strange to the wild hills, and at that object the Lieutenant gazed as if fascinated. He had not moved when steps sounded and Zyra appeared at his side. A daughter of the far West, and not new to sanguinary events, she faced the situation with composure no weakling could have shown.

"Dead!" she said, her voice low.

The Lieutenant bent and touched a small perforation in the back of the man's coat.

"Shot to death!" he replied briefly.

"And he carried a United States mail-bag."

"He carries it still, so to speak. He died with it gripped to his side. If he was its legitimate carrier, he has made a name for faithfulness that should live in border annals."

"How could a mail-carrier be here? Why so far off his route? Why in the hills where Claggitt's outlaws hold sway?"

"I understand. You think it a problem whether he was a guardian of the mail or a thief shot in stealing it?"

"I intend no injustice, but why should an honest man be here? An outlaw, possessed of the mail, would naturally seek his home haunts."

"He moved until all his strength—yes, all of his life—was gone. He must have crossed the stream through the pool, and it may have been his floundering movements that disturbed some rubbish that dammed the way, set the accumulation free, and let off the water. Close search would probably show the dim outlines of his steps back there, half washed away when the water rushed out of prison. Be that as it may, he kept on, climbed this bank staggeringly, and fell dead here. It was the last feeble effort of his strength. He looks to me like a man who gave up his life for a sacred trust."

"He wears an ordinary scouting suit—"

"For that matter so do I, just now, so nothing is proved."

The speaker again bent for examination.

"He wears Government shoes, and"—moving the body a trifle—"here is the U. S. brand on his belt. He was a regular mail-carrier. Here is a tragedy, and something more. Here lies a man who died loyal to his duty. See! He clung to the mail until he fell dead."

"But his presence in these hills! Why should he be here? It bewilders me. I accept your belief, but this is Claggitt's haunt."

"I will theorize a bit. Perhaps, attacked by the desperadoes, he spurred on his horse, taking the only way that a cloud of foes left open to him. Perhaps he rode until his horse fell dead, wounded as its master was wounded. Perhaps, after that, this brave fellow reeled on, his life ebbing away with his blood until —this was the end!"

"I suspect you are right."

"Miss Cheswick, I have idly inquired how mail comes to the garrison, but my recollection is not clear. Tell me, please."

"We are supposed to have a fortnightly mail. It always comes by a mounted man, plainly dressed, bristling with weapons, taking chances, but, I think, never before molested. His starting place is always Morehouse Run. Ah! and it was time for him now."

"He has come—here! Dead in loyal service. Claggitt has struck again, and at a new branch of the service. Right here I make a prediction. Claggitt has overreached himself. The Government is long-suffering and often too patient, but the man who robs the mails is rather sure to get more than he bargained for. Claggitt will get it. More than that, the avenger and the hour of vengeance are here. I am going to bring the guilty men to the halter!"

He spoke with cold, deliberate energy, and Zyra shivered as she noted the gleam of his eyes.

"I would not like," she returned, "to have you on my trail with vengeance in your mind."

"Neither will Claggitt."

Saywood attempted to free the mail-bag from the grasp of the dead man, but it was no easy task. The stiffened fingers remained true to their trust, and again Zyra shivered.

"It is as if his spirit stays near to do what his body can no longer accomplish," she said, her voice breaking a little.

The Lieutenant secured the bag. It was uninjured. The lock had not been broken nor the leather slit. The original contents remained as it was when some unknown postmaster snapped the bag together. Probably the slip that once told its destination had been lost in the race to save it.

Saywood moved the body into a little niche and covered it with convenient grass and branches, and over all he placed slab-like stones, that, resting on slightly higher stones, shut the body in so that no vulture could disturb it. From wild beasts it was scarcely so safe, but it would not take long to send a recovery party from the garrison. When this was done, the Lieutenant stepped upon a rock where he had sheltered among overhanging leaves and looked around.

"What," Zyra asked, "do you want to see?"

"It is what I do not want to see that interests me. The question suddenly presents itself. Have the fellows who did this thing given up the attempt upon the mail, or are they tracking the carrier even now?"

The girl hurriedly joined him on the rock, and together they looked for the foe. Saywood was not sanguine, for though the ground fell well elevated, the surrounding region was cut up by numerous ribbon-like half-canyons, and into few of these could they see. Zyra, obeying a natural impulse, first sought for the garrison. It showed clearly at the foot of the hills, the buildings distinct, the flag twisting about on the staff under a faint breeze, human beings moving like pygmies. The distance shut off all hope of aid from there, if aid was needed. As she shifted her gaze Saywood's manner seized upon her attention.

"What do you see?" she asked quickly.

He did not answer or move, and she presently gave an abrupt start.

"I too, can see!" she exclaimed. "Men coming this way through a ravine. One, two—five in all. Two advance on foot, and the riders lead their horses. They look downward—they follow a trail!"

"It will lead them here!" snapped the Lieutenant, stepping back. "It's just what I expected. The carrier slipped them, but they are on his track. The trail will be plain. That means that we must get out of here. All other considerations aside, I am now the guardian of the mail——"

"See! There are men on the other side of us. We are between two parties, and they are closing in."

"The second party is there to prevent the carrier from escaping. He is done, but his burden is mine—ours. Miss Cheswick, I wish you were through their lines!"

Saywood gazed at her gravely, anxiously, well knowing that whoever bore the mail that day would be marked for death, and the odds were startling. Worse than all the rest, he carried only revolvers to oppose the rifles of the desperadoes.

"I wish nothing of the kind!" Zyra cried, spiritedly. "I'm glad I am here. We will fight it out together!"

CHAPTER VII.

HOSTILE RIFLES.

For a moment Saywood looked at his companion with admiration in his eyes. Zyra had drawn a revolver, and even then he noted that the bore was not such as to make it a plaything. It was a thirty-two, and capable of biting hard. Back of it was a transformed girl. Zyra was no longer gay, but the hard resolution of the Lieutenant seemed to have carried to her. It was good, Saywood thought, for if there was fighting she was not likely to faint upon his hands.

These thoughts he quickly crushed back. Even if he counted his own life for nothing, her safety and the safety of the mail demanded instant action.

"We'll go to saddle," he said calmly.

"A good plan."

She said it as composedly as he, and set the example by sliding down from their position. Passing the impromptu vault where lay the still carrier, they recrossed the stream and secured their horses. A problem was now presented that might have worried one not familiar with the life of the West. The garrison was almost due south, but to go that way, or west of it, or east of it, would be to run into the clutches of the desperadoes. Somehow, the fugitives must pass around one of the hostile parties, and, if possible, pass unseen.

"For a mile or so," said the Lieutenant crisply, "our way is farther from the post, straight into the heart of the hills. By making a long half-circle we may pass by those fellows and save ourselves. If I had my pick I would not go that way, because——"

"Because," she said, as he hesitated, "Claggitt's headquarters are ahead of us."

"That does not mean that we shall stumble upon his supposed village. It has been vainly hunted for for years. Small chance of our finding it now. I feel justified in saying you need not worry about that."

"I hope we shall find it!"

"What?"

"I really do. I have never been greatly troubled because Claggitt stole horses, saddles, and the like; but after this atrocity—why, the blood of the mail-carrier calls for justice, and I surely hope we shall run plumb upon the outlaw quarters!"

It was bravely said, but Saywood shook his head. He wanted no such encounter under present conditions, but if it came he was sanguine that the pair of revolvers in his belt would give a fairly good account of themselves.

By that time they were several rods from the pool. Haste had been impossible, but easier going was before them, and they pressed their mounts to a gallop. A desperately plain trail was left behind, but their hope lay in placing distance between themselves and the outlaws before the latter analyzed the situation. With a tolerable amount of time they might so slip away that later pursuit would be useless.

Half a mile, and then a full mile was soon covered. Saywood's grim face was lightening. It was time to begin the curving that would take them to the east side of the hills. After that, it would be a level gallop toward the garrison. He was about to speak reassuringly to his companion when the rattling of a stone near at hand led him to check his own horse and reach out a restraining hand for Zyra's bridle.

"Possibly only a wild animal," he remarked, quietly, "but—wait here!"

He slipped from his mount, dropped the rein, and scrambled at the rise of earth beyond the ravine. He quickly disappeared, but Zyra, waiting, heard sounds. It was the soft thud, mingled with an occasional crunching or sharp rattling, that told of horses passing near by. Only a thin wall of the uplift hid her from the view of—somebody—and it was a period of nervous tension. Hidden danger grates.

A minute, two, three. The sounds receded. Another brief lull and Saywood reappeared, slid down the uplift, and regained his saddle.

"Five men, headed south," he explained, calmly. "Toughs! If I am not a dull reader of signs, the hunters for the mail-carrier have made a complete surround. Luckily, we are outside their lines, but it was a merciful luck that made yonder fellows take that ravine instead of this one."

"They may strike our trail later," Zyra reminded.

"Yes."

"And then turn to see who we are."

"There are but five, and I have twelve cartridges shotted for use."

She held up her own revolver.

"I should have said, eighteen!" he added, smiling grimly.

"If I can help! If I can only help!" she murmured.

"Let us hope there will be no need of it."

It was well said, but neither had the presumption to enlarge upon the possibility. They had passed by one hostile party, but they were alive to the threat of the situation and its worry. The force of numbers was against them, while the handicap of not knowing where they rode was really staggering. Without the mail-bag they might, and doubtless would, be permitted to go as they wished, unchecked and ignored, but the mail was now something more than a valuable article. The outlaws would readily see that it was imperatively necessary

that neither the mail nor its new carriers should leave the hills.

Zyra, stealing side looks at Saywood, saw that he occasionally gnawed fiercely at his lip, and that when he watched the keenest his thoughts often strayed. She wondered why. She wondered, too, if she knew all of the worries that he had foreseen.

The known and the unknown pressed upon her, but even in the shadow of their wings she exulted in the danger. Something new was aroused within her —a thirst for peril not commonly an inheritance of her sex. The ride, the wildness of the hills, the memory of the armed men who had killed a carrier and now hunted for the mail—there were times when, recalling this, she longed to laugh in delight. This was different, very different from the changeless life in the garrison.

Suddenly both riders pulled at their reins. They had been traversing a long, walled way, one of the many miniature canyons that abounded there, but as they turned a slight bend they saw only a solid cliff beyond. Their way ended at a sheer rock a hundred feet high. Zyra took one look, and then shifted her gaze to the Lieutenant, but his face was inscrutable. He took in the details of the barrier, and then swept a swift glance along the encompassing walls.

"We can't go ahead," said Zyra, mechanically.

"No," Saywood admitted.

"If we go back we shall invite disaster."

He nodded, but made no answer. He was questioning the rising ground to the east, noting the slope, the footing, everything he could discover. This done he surveyed the horses.

"Is your mount sure-footed?" he asked.

"Like a goat."

"It has to be proved. Having no other way before us we must try to climb the ascent. Possibly it can be done, for I've seen horses do even better, but I don't even know my own mount well enough to tell what he can do. We will see."

Zyra's eyes wavered for a moment as she surveyed the bank, for it was both steep and high, but she was out of the saddle almost as soon as the Lieutenant. The animals were headed for the venture. Both rebelled at the start, but Saywood had that rare gift among men that gets the utmost out of the equine sort without lash or blows.

Curbing the impatience that made him hunger for a furious dash away from danger he urged—gently, persuasively, luringly, as comrade with comrade—and the climb began. The hoofs were planted, the strong muscles stretched, the eager necks reached forward, the heavy bodies left the lower level behind.

Zyra watched and listened, and her admiration for the man grew. She did not understand the power, but the mystery was absorbing, and as Saywood's quiet, even, coaxing tones sounded almost constantly, the saw foot after foot mastered. The horses slipped a little, now and then, and disaster often threatened sharply, but the feet were usually sure and the summit grew nearer.

There was but a few yards to go when she heard sounds behind them and turned to look.

"They are coming!" she exclaimed. "They have struck our trail. Men are in the gulch——"

Saywood did not even look, but pulled gently at the rein of the nearest horse.

"Come on, old fellow!" he urged. "Do they ride hard, Miss Cheswick?"

"At a gallop!"

"Gently there, my boy, see where your hoofs are. Are they armed, Miss Cheswick?"

"Yes, and they carry their rifles ready for use. They are very rough-looking men——"

"Doubtless a part of our pursuers. Miss Cheswick, get to the summit with all possible speed. Screen yourself there behind the rocks, and wait until our horses are up——"

"They are about to fire!"

For the first time the Lieutenant's head came up sharply.

"Young woman," he exclaimed, peremptorily, severely, "obey me! Go up! Get to cover!"

"I will not while you are here!" Zyra exclaimed. "They dare not shoot a woman. I'll not desert my colors."

Deliberately she placed herself exactly in front of Saywood. No bullet could reach him without first piercing her fair figure. Saywood's hands tugged at the reins, but his eyes were on the girl. His muscles were steady, but his face had grown pallid.

"They will not hold their fire even for a woman!" he cried. "You are mad, mad! Go ahead!"

Bullets began to patter around them.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this fine story. You will find it interesting to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Worth More.

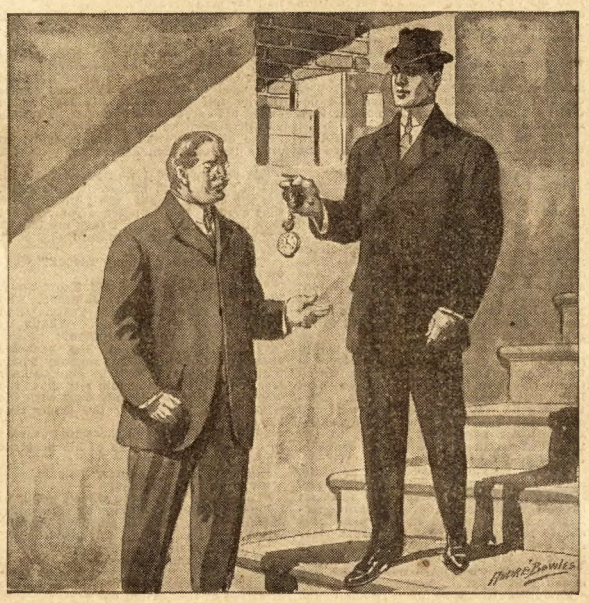
"Why was it you never married again, Aunt Sallie?" inquired Mrs. McClane of an old colored woman in West Virginia.

"'Deed Miss Ellie," replied the old woman earnestly, "dat daid nigger's wuth moah to me dan a live one. I gits a pension."

At Dead of Night

Or, THE PATERNOSTER ENIGMA

By Julian F. Darrow



"Why, it's a gold watch!"

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 31, August 3. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DISCOVERY.

BEFORE starting out on this last chase, the detective realized that he had another duty to attend to. Already had he let matters drift along to a point where any further delay in notifying the authorities might subject him to a charge of remissness.

While all coroners are very glad to have positive facts brought out at their hearing, on which a plain verdict can be rendered by the jury, too great a delay in reporting a crime of this magnitude is apt to be severely frowned upon. Hence, he now turned his face once more in the direction of the Compton.

He was pleased to find that everything seemed just as usual in that quarter. True, he remembered that Tarbox had promised faithfully to guard the terrible secret of the Paternoster apartment. There was always a chance, however, that in some way the story might get abroad, and breed trouble.

The superintendent was undoubtedly well pleased to see him again. Tarbox looked five years older than on the previous day. Numerous guests of the house had joked him on his jaded appearance; and while a few asked whether he had been ill during the night, others, less solicitous, hinted humorously about the evil effects of jags on those not accustomed to such things.

"I don't believe I could stand it much longer, Blair. The thing's getting on my nerves. I keep hovering around that door, afraid that some servant might by accident butt in. Imagine the shriek that would follow her setting eyes on that awful figure in that chair!" was the way he greeted the coming of the sleuth.

"Well, your agony will soon be over, old man. I've come now to get the proper official on the wire, and bring him here posthaste."

"I hope you'll be on deck then, to meet him; because he's going to give me a lot of bother asking questions that will surely bring out my petty breaking of the rules last night."

"You mean in allowing Paternoster's niece to visit him? Make your mind easy on that score. I'll fix it with the doctor, so that you'll not suffer."

"That's mighty white of you, Blair. You don't forget that we were once good friends."

"Nor that you stretched out a helping hand to a kid who was in a peck of trouble. They say curses come home to roost like chickens; but I believe good deeds do better, eh, Tarbox?"

"Well, there's a saying that if you cast your bread on the water it's bound to come back to you before a great while. I'm beginning to believe it. But have you found your man, Gideon?"

"Well, I can't say that I have, as yet. I've been busy running a number of possible clews down. And the best I can say is that I've wiped out all but a single trail, which seems the most promising of any."

The superintendent looked worried again.

"Oh! I was in great hopes that you had found the wretch whose hand sent Paternoster over the Great Divide before his time."

"I believe I do know who did it, and when I leave this house it is my intention to go straight to where I may find that party."

Tarbox could not help noticing that he carefully avoided mentioning a man!

"Look here, Blair, do you really think she did it?" he asked, huskily.

"If you mean Carmen, I must answer that every indication points that way."

"I'm sorry for her. She used to be a great artist some years back. If he," jerking his thumb upward as if by this means he meant the man who lay dead, "ever led her to believe that he meant to make her his wife, and then threw her over, hang it, if I could much blame her for wanting to get him!"

"She was hot-blooded, then, being of Spanish birth?"

"Impulsive, and quick to take offense —yes; but a fine woman nevertheless, Blair."

"I can see that you admired her, Tarbox. But such things must not enter into my view of the matter. If Carmen allowed her Mexican methods of revenge to have full rein, she must pay the penalty."

"I suppose so; but I shall hate to think of it," and the ex-circus performer shuddered while speaking.

"I want you to go upstairs once more with me before I use your 'phone to call the officials here."

"Oh, very well. I'm willing to do anything to help out, though I'd rather be excused from entering that room again."

"I won't ask you to do that. You can stay outside in the corridor, and keep any inquisitive person from butting in. Come this way, Tarbox."

"But you mistake the elevator——"

"We do not use it this time. Truth to tell, I am curious to follow the stairs all the way up, covering the exact ground the assassin must have taken in going and coming."

"I see. Well, lead on then, Blair."

Tarbox sighed. He was not as young as his companion; besides, his ways of living during the last two years had allowed him to take on flesh. And those several long flights of stairs rather appalled him. Still, when a detective is looking for evidence, he knew that such a little thing as fatigue must not be allowed to stand in the way.

After they had reached the bottom of the winding stairs Blair took something out of his pocket. Immediately a steady, yellow glow commenced to dissipate the immediate darkness, and reveal each stair as they slowly ascended. Here, there, everywhere it flitted as though it might be a search warrant, looking for some object on which to pounce. And those keen eyes of the detective covered each yard of their progress upward, noting the steps, as well as the neighboring wall.

They reached the first floor, and, passing around, started again to ascend. Half way up to the next landing Blair raised himself and turned the light suddenly toward the wall.

At this point the builders had apparently intended filling in a little blank space with a window; but it had never been used, the outer steel shutter being hermetically sealed. In this elevated window space, as frequently happens, from time to time a number of articles had accumulated, among them a couple of empty boxes which the janitor had possibly deemed too good to throw in the furnace.

These had been forgotten, and had probably lain here for many months, since Tarbox never used the stairs, and consequently had not noticed the rubbish. And when that white light from his little electric torch fell upon one of these small boxes, the sleuth noted a significant fact that aroused his curiosity immediately. The accumulated dust seemed to have been recently disturbed, as though by some groping hand!

"Day and night you keep a light burning on these stairs, do you not, Tarbox?" he asked smiling.

"Those are the orders, sir. Of course, it is only a faint one, and after coming in from the sunlight one would call it dark here; but when your eyes grew accustomed to it you could see the way up or down."

"Just so. I wanted to know, because otherwise it would puzzle me to understand how any person could have noticed these boxes here."

"What about them, sir? I'll have to speak to my janitor about leaving such trash around."

"Draw a little nearer. You can see that they've evidently been here quite a time?"

"Sure. The dust shows that; and it means additional scolding for Clawson. He must be getting lazy."

"Look closer, and you will see that the dust has been recently disturbed here, and here."

"He must have thought to remove them, and then changed his mind."

"Wrong. Clawson has probably forgotten they exist. It might be, Tarbox, that one of these same boxes offered a fine chance to some person who had something to conceal!"

"What's that? I don't just catch on, Blair."

"Well, let's try to make it plainer."

The detective reached up his hand, and thrust it into the nearer box. As he groped around, Tarbox heard him give a peculiar little chuckle, as though he might be pleased. Then he withdrew his hand. It was no longer empty! Something that he held glittered in the light of his torch!

Now it was the turn of the superintendent to stare. Involuntarily his mouth flew open, as often happens when one is amazed.

"Why, it's a gold watch, and a handsome one, too!" he gasped.

"You make a grab in there, Tarbox," said the sleuth.

And when the other had done so, lo and behold, he drew forth a number of valuable things, among others a fat pocketbook.

"You see she even disdained to make use of money that belonged to the man she hated so bitterly!" observed Blair, calmly.

"Great guns! this is the Paternoster loot! It was taken as you said, to cloud the issue, and hidden here by the assassin!" Tarbox exclaimed, hoarsely.

CHAPTER XV,

ON THE HOMESTRETCH.

The detective lifted down the small box that had been made a receptacle for all the stuff taken from the rooms of the murdered man.

"I guess it's all here, eh, Anthony?" he remarked.

"Looks like it," returned the superintendent, as he surveyed the balance of the loot gloomily.

For even Tarbox could see that this fact strengthened the theory of the detective. If the terrible deed had been done by an ordinary thief, detected in his work of stealing, and who had choked the bachelor to death in order to silence his tongue, he might have hidden some of the plunder in the fear lest it betray him; but never the contents of

that fat pocketbook! No common crook ever disdains ready cash.

And so it seemed that the robbery had been committed with but a single purpose. That was to hide the real issue, and make it appear as though a love of gain had brought about the death of Paternoster.

"Take charge of these things, Anthony. You can put them back again in the room above, or allow me to do it for you; but mark what we have, so that you can swear to it if necessary."

"I will, sir."

Also remember the conditions attending the discovery."

"Yes. I'll never forget this whole business. If I live to be eighty I'll be able to tell the whole story from beginning to end, it's made that impression on me, Blair."

"Well, let's be going up now."

"As you say, sir."

But Tarbox noted that from that point on his companion did not linger; and that his survey of the remaining stairs seemed only cursory. It was not difficult to understand. He had found what he was searching for. No doubt Blair must have suspected something of the sort. It fitted in exactly with the theory he had formed concerning the murder, and the subsequent movements of the guilty one.

Tarbox himself could imagine the ex-circus rider creeping down those stairs, trembling with excitement, her breath coming in gasps after that terrible struggle with her victim. She must have seemed at that moment like a tragedy queen; for in the olden days there had always been something commanding about the presence of Carmen. He would never look on these stairs again without shivering; for there must be conjured up a vision of a woman who had slaked her thirst for revenge, and was fleeing, perhaps horrified at what she had done, fleeing into the night, a criminal, and a fugitive haunted by remorse!

Tarbox was almost out of breath by the time they reached the floor on which the Paternoster apartments were located. He heaved a great sigh as of relief. At the locked door they stopped.

"If you prefer not to go in, Anthony, give me the box. You've got them listed in your mind, doubtless?"

"Yes, and could swear to every piece."

He turned over the receptacle of the loot with evident pleasure.

A black servant who was sweeping near-by cast curious looks toward them, as though she might have suspected that these strange actions on the part of the superintendent must have a meaning. Tarbox gruffly ordered her to proceed to the upper floors, and continue her work there.

Meanwhile he had passed the key to the sleuth, who, applying the same, found ingress to the rooms. All was just as he had left it. A subdued light drifting in at the windows showed that grim figure in the chair.

Blair placed the dusty box in a corner. Everything was in it just as they had found the thing. But Blair did not mean to waste much time here, for he knew there could be no further clews lying about. He had already laid out his plan of campaign, and knew where to take up the trail.

Safely lodged in his pocket was a paper which he had found on the table at the time of his previous visit. A blue pencil had marked a certain advertisement, as though the party sending the same had desired to call Paternoster's attention to this particular part.

The paper was a weekly one, printed in one of the small towns up the Hudson, and filled with local gossip and advertisements. And what had struck Blair as significant, the marked announcement referred to a circus that was about to show in town during the week, with one particular name blazoned in [illegible] type, as though a top-liner: "Senorita Carmen, Queen of the Arena, and Champion Lady Bareback Rider of the World!"

He believed that she had sent that sheet to Paternoster, meaning to strike a chill at his heart when he thus became aware of the fact that Carmen was again on this side of the continent and near at hand! It gave the detective all the information he needed in order to locate the woman. Only for this action on her part in wishing to give her prospective victim additional pangs, he might have found it difficult to get track of her in the big city.

So a strange Fate often uses the weapons which evil men or women utilize in their assaults upon the laws of the land, to bring about their own downfall. By sending that paper, ere coming herself, Carmen had really exposed her hand. It might be a fatal error on her part; it certainly simplified things for the cunning tracker who was about to close in on his prey.

Afterward, when Blair found time to consider the matter carefully, he even suspected that this attack of gout on the part of Paternoster might have been in whole or part assumed. The man might have dreaded lest he meet Carmen somewhere on the street, and considered it best to remain secluded while the show to which she belonged chanced to be near New York.

He learned later that a private detective had been employed by the bachelor to spy upon her actions; but somehow or other the fellow must have missed connections. Carmen had at any rate eluded his vigilance, and perhaps kept him watching an empty room, while she slipped away to the city bent on her awful errand.

Less than five minutes after he had entered those silent rooms Blair appeared once more. The waiting superintendent involuntarily crooked his neck as though drawn by a terrible fascination to peep in and see if IT were still there. Then the door closed, and the key turned in the lock.

"Down for ours now, Anthony, and lead me to your 'phone. I'll get matters started, and then clear out," he remarked, with a satisfied expression on his face, as though he saw his way clear.

Fortunately the general telephone was in a booth supposed to be soundproof. Here Blair remained some ten minutes, while Tarbox walked nervously up and down outside. When the detective finally appeared he nodded in a reassuring manner.

"It's all right, old man. Just follow the directions I gave you, and leave the rest to me."

"Then you're off, now?"

"Yes."

"God help her!" muttered the superintendent, "for I can't help believing that she must have been out of her mind to do this thing."

The last Blair saw of the ex-circus gymnast he was still shaking his head and looking exceedingly sorrowful. And somehow he felt inclined to believe that once upon a time Tarbox himself must have fallen under the charm of the dashing bareback rider; for he seemed to remember her with sincere affection.

Once clear of the Compton the sleuth made for the nearest subway station. In twenty minutes he was at the Grand Central Station inquiring about the next local train which he could take. Fortunately he would not have to wait any great length of time, which was a satisfaction; for something seemed to tell him that minutes were apt to count in this wind-up of his hunt.

Carmen was no cold-blooded assassin, able to gloat over her revengeful deed. He knew her kind. A reaction must set in that would leave her repentant, perhaps. Yes, it would not surprise this astute man to find that the circus rider had even committed suicide in a fit of remorse. He could remember a parallel case in his own experience that had ended that way.

Handling the case of a woman was vastly different from running a male criminal to earth; for the temperament of the weaker sex makes it impossible for a man to determine what course they will follow. And so all the way up to the little town situated on the bank of the wonderful Hudson, Blair was speculating as to what awaited him.

He made up his mind to be surprised at nothing, and this complacency was always the strongest asset in his character of detective. It armed him against a sea of troubles.

CHAPTER XVI.

PEOPLE OF THE BIG ROUND-TOP.

The first thing Blair saw as he alighted at the station was a flaming poster on a wall, proclaiming the many wonderful attractions of the circus. He could not help stopping to glance at it.

Chief of all stood out the picture of a charming woman mastering several horses in the ring, none of which had even a bridle to serve as hold or guidance. If that poster was to be taken seriously never yet had living woman reached the height of glory attained by the celebrated Senorita Carmen.

The skeptical might have wondered why the lady continued to appear with a small show, instead of striking the Barnum & Bailey aggregation for a big salary. But doubtless there were good and sufficient reasons there always are. At any rate, Blair was not troubling his mind over anything so small as this.

He looked again at the date. It was for Thursday afternoon and evening. Well, this was Thursday, sure enough, so the circus was probably located somewhere about town even then. He knew he would have no trouble in finding it. Everybody must be gravitating in that direction by this time, for it was nearly two o'clock.

He noticed an astonishing dearth of small boys about the station, where they ordinarily love to congregate, if they were like the boys of other towns he remembered. A man was standing near by, as if waiting for something or some one. Blair addressed him, seeking information.

"Can you tell me where the circus tent is pitched?" he asked.

The man looked at him queerly.

"Sure I can. Just follow the crowd. Everybody goin'. Greatest thing ever!" he observed, buoyantly.

Blair looked him over again. He noticed that there was an air about him different from ordinary mortals, something that seemed to mark him as a man accustomed to appearing in tights.

There is always a distinguishing mark about a circus performer, even long after he has quit the magic tanbark ring. Why, he had noted it in Tarbox frequently, and joked the other about keeping the odor of the arena with him all these years. Yes, plainly this person must be connected with the visiting aggregation of talent.

Looking closer, the keen vision of the sleuth detected a tiny white speck in the corner of the other's eye.

"Aha! the celebrated clown, Marcella," he whispered to himself, pleased at his discovery.

Then he became aware of the fact that the other did not look as happy as the jolly clown is commonly supposed to be in private life. Had anything happened to disturb him? He remembered his grewsome reflections while in the train, coming from the city.

Carmen! Could anything have happened to the wonderful bareback queen of the tented arena? Suicide! He hoped not, for many reasons.

"I've come all the way from New York just to see this performance," he remarked, to draw the sad one out.

"Huh! hope you won't be disappointed then, mister," returned the other.

"You see, I happen to have a friend who used to take part in circus stunts till he fell and broke his leg, which ended his career as a gymnast. Perhaps you may have known him, sir."

The other allowed a dreary smile to creep inch by inch across his wrinkled face.

"So you guessed I was connected with the big round-top, mister. That's right. I'm the only Marcella, the jolliest clown that ever made an audience roar. Don't look it, you say? Well, I save my laughs for the ring. They come hard, and can't afford to waste 'em."

"His name was Anthony Tarbox!" went on Blair.

"Sho! Should think I did know Tony. Why, he was with Mr. Jameson, who runs this show, for seven years. Glad to hear he's still kicking. What's he doing for his grub these days?"

"Superintendent of a big bachelor apartment house, and has an easy berth, with good money. He'll be glad to hear from you. But hearing him tell about the wonderful stunts this lady does with the wild horses was really the thing that brought me out here."

Marcella sighed, and the sound seemed to come from the depths of his heart, it was so lugubrious.

"Sorry to hear it, mister," he said.

"Why do you say that?"

"Looks now like there wasn't going to be any bareback riding by the most dashing lady that ever stood up on four wild hosses; not today, anyhow."

"What happened; an accident?"

"Nope, not that we knows of. He's in there now, a-tryin' to locate her by telegraph," and he jerked his thumb in the direction of the station office.

"D> you mean the gentleman who owns the show?"

"Yep, old Jameson, an' nigh about crazy. Promises to be a record crowd this P. M., both performances, and no Carmen to feast their eyes on. Why, they'll mob us, I reckon."

"Then she has disappeared, you mean?"

"Sure. Flew the coop!"

"Is this a habit of hers? I mean, has she ever been known to do such a thing before?"

"Who, Carmen? Not on your life, stranger. Nine years now I've known her, and except when she was laid up sick or by a tumble she never disappointed an audience in her whole life, not once!"

"Then what happened?"

The clown was really so glad to have some one into whose sympathizing ear he could pour out the story of Jameson's woes that he did not stop to consider how this stranger in town seemed to be showing undue interest in the lady rider.

"We don't know. That's the rub, you see. We came here from the next town to the north. Carmen was supposed to be sick in her wagon, for she couldn't appear last night."

"Wagon?"

"Well, we have to do considerable night travel on the road, where trains are too expensive, so we have regular gypsy wagons fixed up comfortably. Carmen always said she had gypsy blood in her veins, and she took to the wagon idea from the start. Hers is the boss vehicle in the lot, and fixed up with every comfort. You just ought to see it."

"I take your word for it. But I am very much interested in what you say about her strange disappearance."

"It was mighty queer. Between you and me I wouldn't be a mite surprised if the poor girl's gone dippy, and right now is wanderin' somewhere in the woods we passed on our way here."

"You mean she might be flighty in her sickness, and left her wagon without knowing what she was doing?"

"That's it, mister."

"Then you must have some reason for making such a singular statement. People don't usually go out of their minds so suddenly."

"I've seen it coming on, and that's a fact. She hadn't been herself this good while. I've caught her carrying on before her glass like as if she meant to go on the stage in high tragedy."

"That is interesting, at least. Something must have been preying on her mind."

"Now, I thought that way myself, mister. Says I, the poor old girl is worryin' about something. But she never said a word, and did her part every day just like she used to years ago. But it was workin', whatever the thing might 'a' been."

"When did you discover that she was gone?"

"Only this noon. One of the women came to old Jameson and says as how Carmen hadn't showed up, and kept quiet when they raps on the door of her palatial abode."

"The door was locked, then?"

"Sure. Jameson calls to me, and we hurry over. After he pounded a lot, and called out, he looks to me to get that door open. I called up our Hercules, the same that allows a cannon to be fired from his broad chest, and he busts in the door with one blow from his sledge-hammer fist."

"Yes, what did you find?" asked Blair, smiling at the professional tone of the old circus man.

"Nothing!"

"No Carmen there?"

"Nixy. And what was queer, some of her things was gone too, which one of our women declared she knew to be there last night."

"H'm! When did your caravan arrive here in this town?"

"Oh! about three this morning. We only had a few miles to cover."

"Of course Carmen knew where you were going, and possibly about when you would arrive?"

"Sure. We posted all them things, so everybody might know."

It was plain to Blair what had probably happened. Carmen must have come here after fleeing from the Compton; and actuated by some sudden motive, perhaps the fear of discovery on the part of the officers of the law which she had offended, had decided on flight. And taking such personal effects as she imagined she might need, she had slipped out of the camp without a single eye noting her coming and going, so far as had been made apparent.

"But mister," exclaimed the clown suddenly, "there comes old Jameson out, and by thunder! he looks like he'd got wind of her, somehow!"

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THE CROSSROADS TAVERN.

The man who came hurrying out of the little station where the telegraph operator had been keeping the wires hot for half an hour, looked excited enough, to be sure. At the same time he did not appear to be happy. Even the clown noticed this for he muttered loud enough to reach the ear of Blair:

"By gum! Somethin' awful must a happened to her, else the old man wouldn't look so grumpy!"

"We're busted, George!" grunted the circus proprietor as he came wheezing up.

Jameson was a stout man, and his recent excitement had caused him to puff heavily.

"Located her?" asked the clown, eagerly.

"Yes, but I'm afraid she's in a bad way, and that it's going to be the end of a brilliant career."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Blair. The fat man looked at him, as though wondering why he should be taking any interest in the matter, so Marcella took it upon himself to explain.

"This gent is a friend of our old gymnast, Anthony Tarbox. He came all the way up from New York to see if Carmen was as good as Tony told him."

"Ah! glad to meet you, sir. But alas! I'm afraid you'll be sadly disappointed, and that our talented lady equestrienne will never again delight countless thousands with her unparalleled feats in the arena."

"What happened to her, governor?" demanded the clown.

WELL PEOPLE TOO

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor, "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee." (It's a well-known fact that tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the same drug found in coffee.) "I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale.

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes.

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica —in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results.

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice.

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Jameson touched his head, and tapped it suggestively.

"Gone here. I've seen it wearing on her. The life has been too exacting after all. Poor girl!"

"But where is she, and how'd you get track of her?" continued the eager Marcella, his own face the picture of sympathetic woe.

"I sent twenty messages to all the surrounding towns, asking if a lady answering her description had been seen since morning. And at last I struck pay dirt. She's at a crossroads tavern between here and Montgomery. Landlord says she appears wild, and keeps muttering to herself all the while. He was afraid she had escaped out of some asylum. Happened that he had a 'phone in his house, and was just telling the operator over in a town on the railroad a few miles away about his queer guest, when my wire butted in."

"Do you know where this tavern is located?" asked Blair, quietly.

The news somehow had not surprised him in the least; in fact, he had discounted it some time since. Well, perhaps it was for the best, since the wretched woman could never be made to do penance for her terrible crime, if her mind were really gone. But she must be taken, lest she do herself harm; or else, having once given her soul over to evil, be impelled in her crazy fear to continue the work, under the belief that others took on the form of the man whose image was ever before her.

"I got him to describe it so I could find it. You take the road that leads out of here going northwest. Less than five miles it lies, and he says you can't miss it," returned the stout Mr. Jameson, waving his arms like flails, as he pointed this way and that.

"Will you both go with me, if I can manage to hire a motor car here?"

"Sure, if you can get us back in half an hour, so's we can be at the opening of the show. I reckon it's going to be a freeze-out anyhow, but we'd like to do all we could to please the generous public."

"I think I can promise you that. Let's go across the way here. I see a garage handy."

Proprietor and clown followed after him, both shaking their heads as they considered the dreadful end that had probably overtaken the professional career of the dashing bareback lady rider.

Luckily the man of the garage was on hand, so that no time need be wasted in hunting him up at some neighboring saloon. When he heard what was wanted, and the reason for the emergency ride, he agreed to let them have a machine he kept for hire.

Blair planked down the specified sum in advance so as to hasten matters, for he believed that even seconds might count now. He was not considering the desire of his companions to be back in time for the opening of the circus, when he figured on the value of time. It was of Carmen he thought, the woman whose mind had apparently given way under the shock accompanying her recent crime. He feared lest she be overwhelmed by some fit of ungovernable passion, which would influence her to follow murder with suicide.

Fortunately Blair knew considerable about motors, for he possessed one of his own, and even did his repairing when necessity arose. He had no doubt about his ability to run the car that had been placed in his charge.

"Jump in gentlemen!"

The clown obeyed literally, for he was apparently a mass of springs; but the weighty Jameson had to take things a little more calmly. Hardly had he settled alongside Marcella in the tonneau than the machine began to move off. The road was before them, and presently Blair let out a kink or two, so that they ran along at quite a lively clip.

"There's the round-top!" said Marcella, suddenly, pointing to the left.

The collection of canvas made quite a brave showing, with colored banners floating in the afternoon breeze. But for once old Jameson did not show any sign of enthusiasm over the spectacle. He sighed with almost every breath, and was undoubtedly thinking of the great attraction that had coaxed hosts of curious spectators to his circus for years past now seemingly at the end of her rope. And Blair, seeing this, could not help believing that the veteran showman must feel more or less affection for those performers who had been with him many years.

It would not be long. With a "gas-wagon," as the clown denominated the car, to hustle them along, the few miles would be speedily covered. And when they arrived at the crossroads tavern what then? Would the demented Carmen suffer them to take charge of her person without resistance; or might they find that she had become violently insane?

Blair hoped this latter would not prove to be the case. He knew something about insane people and maniacs. He could even look back to a year in his own life, when, as a young man, he had worked as a warden in the State Lunatic Asylum. Many things that had occurred then were burned on his mind, and the passage of time would never wholly eradicate the sights.

But even this possibility did not daunt him. His duty was plain. He had followed the trail step by step, and made sure that Carmen's had been the hand to choke the bachelor of the Compton to death; and there must be no turning back now at this critical moment.

Several miles were left behind. Marcella was even beginning to crane his long neck in the expectation of presently discerning the tavern ahead. Blair handled the wheel gravely. His face gave no indication as to what thoughts may have been flashing through that busy mind of his. Once he had to turn out for a wagon coming from the opposite direction, and slowing-up he called:

"How far to the crossroads tavern?"

The fellow, who was apparently slightly under the influence, held up a bottle, and answered thickly:

"Four drinks—'bout er mile, gents!"

"We ought to see her by now," commented the eager clown, half rising back of the driver. Half a minute later he uttered a shrill yelp.

"Reckon that's it round the bend. No, it's a barn by thunder! But then that means a house, an'—yep, there's the hotel, gents, sure's you live!"

No one could mistake this. In front of the long, low, squatty building a swinging sign indicated that it was a place where refreshment for man and beast might be obtained, provided the traveler had the wherewithal to liquidate the bill. Blair looked on either side and beyond.

He had not been quite sure that they would not discover the demented circus rider fleeing away from her temporary shelter, possibly mounted on the back of some farm Dobbin which she could easily imagine represented the fiery horses to which she had become accustomed in her long ring experience. But no such amazing spectacle greeted his eyes just then.

A few peaceful cows were nibbling the short grass in a neighboring field; some chickens, perched on the fence, gave evidence of alarm as the motor approached at a rapid pace; and a porker ran grunting across the road.

At any rate, it looked as though they were not to be welcomed in any way bordering on tragedy, no matter what was slated to follow presently. So Blair ran his car up as close to the taproom entrance as possible.

He had just shut off power, and applied the brake, when he heard Marcella utter an exclamation that told of sudden alarm; and at the same instant, as if by magic, he saw his worst fears realized!

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE RULING PASSION.

"By gum! look at that, would yuh?"

It was, of course, the clown who gave utterance to this exclamation. He was pointing toward the stables in their rear. A man with a wild look on his face had just run out of the taproom. He was carrying an old shotgun in his hands, and it did not require much imagination to decide that this must be the frightened proprietor of the wayside inn; who, alarmed by the looks and actions of his guest, had hastened to shut his family in a room, and mount guard at the door.

"There she is, gents. Great Caesar! Just look at her, will you?" he shouted.

It was useless telling those in the car to look, for every eye was already focused on the spectacle that had suddenly burst upon their vision.

Strange to say, Blair had actually conjured up in his active imagination the identical thing that came about. Perhaps this might be because of his former experience with crazy people, and his knowledge of the fact that usually the ruling passion in life clings even after the mind is entirely gone.

For many years this woman had lived in the atmosphere of the circus; her whole existence had been bound up with that perilous feat which she daily performed, to prove her mastery over galloping steeds. And now, when the darkness had engulfed her mind, she evidently believed herself again called upon to show these doubters what a magical command she had over the lumbering horses that plodded around and around the tanbark ring. It was one of the strangest spectacles that ever came under the observation of the detective. And he had witnessed some queer things in his time, too.

Carmen, urged on by the riotous emotions that had taken possession of her soul, after frightening the tavern keeper and his family by her appearance, had gone to the stables. Instinct had doubtless drawn her thither—second nature it might be called. And here she had placed a bridle upon a farm horse, tightened a girth around a blanket she had thrown over the back of the animal, and then led him forth, just as though an astounding multitude awaited to acclaim her act.

When Blair looked she was leaving the stables, and with whip and voice urging her heavy steed toward the road. It was as though some dim reason concerning the necessity for flight must be struggling in her poor brain; and lacking any other means she had gone back to the one which had become a part of her very life.

To some the spectacle might have been humorous; for it was not only surprising but ridiculous to see this woman of the circus, clad in her ordinary dress, instead of the customary spangled gauzy gown and tights, standing upright on the back of a horse which she was urging on. Blair felt far from a laughing stage, for he knew that it was tragedy, not comedy, which confronted them. And certainly neither Jameson nor the clown could have smiled, no matter what happened. They were utterly cast down at seeing their worst fears realized.

Blair knew what to do. They must follow with all haste, if not to prevent a calamity, at least to be on hand when it occurred, so as to care for the unfortunate Carmen. He backed the car with all possible speed; then, giving a turn to the steering wheel, headed after the fleeing rider. Of course they gained on her rapidly.

Her hair had broken loose from its confinement, and floated in the wind riotously. The picture seemed to stun Jameson, but Marcella was impelled to give utterance to the emotion of admiration that possessed him.

"Look at her! Did you ever see such a feat in all your life, mister? See how she slashes at the hoss, just like she wanted him to fairly fly. And how she keeps her balance with shoes on, Heaven only knows, I don't. Great Scott! It'll be a long time before your ekal is seen, Carmen. Poor gal, it's too bad!"

Now the machine had so nearly overtaken the speeding fugitive that it became a serious question as to what might be done to bring the animal to a halt without peril to the crazy rider. She was laughing, singing, and even shrieking in her frantic glee. The whip she held came down with fierce cuts that made the terrorized old horse kick and plunge. Twice Blair thought she was gone; but the old-time skill in balancing held good, and she recovered her upright position, to continue plying that cruel whip.

A sudden chance to leave the road and career across a field was taken advantage of. Blair, too, turned his car and followed. He even began to make a circuit, intending to head her off, and in this way bring the wonderful circus stunt not down on the bills to a halt.

Carmen saw his scheme. She laughed shrilly, and with a whirl had the farm Dobbin heading in a new course. But the clumsy beast paid no heed to where he planted his hoofs while under such an extraordinary strain.

The consequences could be easily anticipated; indeed, Blair had intended to force the issue which they were away from the hard road, because he believed that it was the only chance the woman had. He saw the horse stumble and go down in a heap.

Both Marcella and the circus proprietor uttered involuntary cries of horror, for they had seen Carmen's fluttering figure sent flying headlong through the air. Immediately all of them had jumped or tumbled from the car, and hurried forward.

She was lying quite still as they gathered around her; and Blair, falling on his knees, proceeded to lift her head from the ground.

"Dead! Poor girl!" groaned the stout man, wiping his face, and perhaps his eyes, with the pocket handkerchief he had taken out.

"You are wrong, sir. She has struck her head, and at first I feared she had broken her neck; but that does not appear to be the case. But she will never ride again. Her career is at an end!" said Blair.

He did not see fit to tell them what Carmen had actually done in her madness. They assisted him to get her to the car, and in this way she was conveyed back to town.

Jameson and his clown went off to do the best they could to appease the crowds that would continue to clamor for the prize act of the performance, despite all his explanations. And Blair believed the best thing he could do was to take Carmen to the city, where she could be given in charge of the authorities.

There never was the slightest doubt as to her having been insane at the time she committed the fearful deed and consequently she was never tried for the death of Paternoster. The facts were hushed up most successfully, as such things can be when there is sufficient money flowing to buy off reporters.

For his own satisfaction Blair continued his investigation, and learned just where Carmen had gone, to assume the disguise she had worn at the time she came to the Compton, and engaged Tarbox in conversation until a chance arrived to slip up the stairs. He found that she had been to see an actress friend, who had dressed her under the belief that it was all a practical joke. After committing the deed she had returned there to change her clothes again; and while the theatrical woman thought Carmen must be playing some prank far beyond the ordinary, she never suspected that tragedy lay back of it.

Of course he had to guess at what had occurred in the apartment of Paternoster after she entered. Ordinarily possessed of abundant strength, such as her circus life would give rise to, she must have had all the fictitious powers which maniacs are known to call to their aid, and Paternoster must have been like a babe in her grasp.

A year later, Blair, having some business at the institution for the criminal insane, made it a point to ask about Carmen. Judge of his surprise when he learned that she had recovered her mind suddenly, was discharged, and had been taken away by her nearest friend.

(Continued on page nineteen.)

"In One Hour I Learned to Play the Piano at Home"

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music You Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even a Child Can Use.

"Just Think, I Never Touched a Piano Before."

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in Blade and Ledger.

FREE TRIAL

The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us $1.50 and one dollar a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have paid nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company 388 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

$50 A Week—EASY

Here's the easiest, quickest money you ever heard of. Just send name and address—we will ship—express prepaid—Swellest Big Outfit of Samples and Color Plates, showing over 100 correct and latest styles in Men's Made-to-Measure Clothing; also special offer of a free suit to you. We back you to win, no money or experience necessary.

Best Tailoring On Earth

Appeals to every thinking man. Suits and Top Coats, $9.50 up; Pants, $2.50 up. Perfect work guaranteed or money back. Special confidential inside wholesale prices and guarantee you can undersell all others. You coin money with our goods. We put you in paying business and take all risk, show you how and give you exclusive territory. Most liberal attractive offer ever made, *but none!* Your one best chance. Keep this private and write us today.

ELK TAILORING CO.
753 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

THIS SUIT FREE and Big Outfit

WURLITZER FREE
WE SUPPLY THE U.S. GOVT.
New Band Catalog

300 pages. Thousands of illustrations. Every musical instrument. Highest quality and lowest prices. Easy payments. Write today and mention instrument you are interested in.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
307 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 160 E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati

SONG POEMS WANTED

WE PAY 50 per cent. Hundreds of dollars have been made in successful songs. Send us your work, with or without music. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Washington only place to secure copyright. Valuable booklet and examination FREE. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 120, Washington, D.C.

VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 4-cent stamp for particulars and proof.
O. A. SMITH, Room W-163, 823 Eglesw St., PEORIA, ILL.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned.
Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS procured and sold; $100,000 for one invention; $50,000 for another; simple ideas pay; send sketch. BOOK FREE. H. Sanders, 860 Crilly Bldg., Chicago

Perspiring Customer—Ph-h-h! Bring me something cool.
Waitress—Yes, sir. Would you like an ice?
P. C.—No, no. Something cooler than that!

Willing to Let His Wife Go.

Pa—Embrace me, Thora, Reginald has asked your hand in marriage.

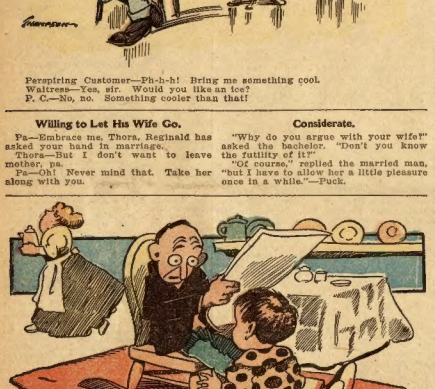
Thora—But I don't want to leave mother, pa.

Pa—Oh! Never mind that. Take her along with you.

Considerate.

"Why do you argue with your wife?" asked the bachelor. "Don't you know the futility of it?"

"Of course," replied the married man, "but I have to allow her a little pleasure once in a while."—Puck.



Little Lemuel—Aren't you about through with that newspaper?
Mr. Longsufferer—Why?
Little Lemuel—I made a home run in de alley championship baseball game yesterday, an' I want to see if they got my name right.

Words in Season.

The Impecunious One—Half a minute, old lad. You're just the man I wanted to——

The Other—Sorry, old boy. I've only got half a dollar on me.

They Didn't Dare.

Young Lady—Won't one of the gentlemen in the car offer me his seat?

Conductor—I think not, miss. You're too pretty. They've all got their wives with them.

Putting It Up to Him.

When Richard Olney was Secretary of State he often said that appointees to the consular service should speak the language of the country to which they were appointed.

An enterprising Western politician who desired to serve at a Chinese port presented his papers to Mr. Olney. The Secretary remarked: "Are you aware, sir, that I never recommend a consul unless he can speak the country's language? Now, I suppose you do not speak Chinese?" The Westerner grinned broadly.

"If, Mr. Secretary," said he, "you will ask me a question in Chinese, I shall be happy to answer it." He got the job.

His Simple Excuse.

The Judge—The court is informed that you haven't worked for years.

The Culprit—It is true, judge.

The Judge—You have neglected your family, at the same time insisting that your wife and sons should support you.

The Culprit—True again, judge.

The Judge—Well, what's your explanation.

The Culprit—It's very simple, your honor. I agree with Dr. Woods Hutchinson that four hours' work a day is enough for any man—and by not working now I'm trying to undo the mischief I did so many years by working overtime.

English in Siam.

The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commuit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been collegued, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday. Number first."

Some Undertaking.

The official undertaker of a small Michigan town was driving through the county on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farmyard and hailed him.

"I don't seem to recall your name, madam," he said.

"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."

Tough Shoe Leather.

"You know," said a smart young man to a girl, "some one has said that if you want a lasting pair of boots, make the soles of the tongue of a woman."

"Yes," replied the girl, "and for the uppers you ought to take the cheek of the man who said it."

A Musical Celebrity.

Mrs. Kawler—So your daughter is in Paris having her voice cultivated. Does she intend to enter professional life?

Mrs. Blunderby—Oh, yes, indeed. She is studying to be a bella donna.

Not Flattering.

"By George, old chap, when I look at one of your paintings I stand and wonder——"

"How I do it?"

"No—why you do it."

What It Was.

Gaso—What is your machine—a runabout?

Leno—I guess so. It will only run about two minutes.

We were fishing. Her both hands
Were holding the pole.
I saw my advantage,
A kiss from her stole.

She was highly indignant
And wept in her grief.
Quoted I, "The receiver's
As bad as the thief."

A HUMORIST'S LIMITATIONS.

He could write a comic article that would make you fairly roar,
And his after-dinner speeches were with humor brimming o'er;
But when left to mind the baby his resources were dispelled,
And the funnier he tried to be the more the baby yelled.

Generous.

"You wish to marry my daughter," murmured the magnate. "Would you take from me all that I have to solace me in my old age?"

"By no means," declared the duke warmly. "We want you to keep at least $50,000."

The Artistic Appetite.

"The young lady seems rather fragile," remarked the observant man.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "she has one of these artistic appetites. She doesn't care what kind of patent food is in the box so long as the picture on the label is pretty."

Noticed It.

Mr. Richcullo—Isn't Miss De Mure pretty when she blushes?

Miss Beauti—Yes. I noticed it the other day. It was the first time I ever saw her face color.

"Indeed! What was she blushing over?"

"Over a plate of hot soup."

The Trouble.

Hicks—I hate to talk to Perkins. He's a fellow that's always borrowing trouble.

Wicks—Well, don't complain. He might be borrowing money.

Hurt Her Nerves.

"I hear your wife has had to go to a sanitarium. Nothing serious, I trust."

"Not very serious. You see, she is secretary of the Woman's Club."

"Yes?"

"And after carrying the club minutes all winter in her head, she sat down the other day and tried to write 'em out."

Forehanded.

"Brown has already started to plant seeds in his garden."

"Yes. He says he wants to get it done while his neighbor's hens are busy setting."

Needed Cleaning.

Mr. Staylate—Is that clock right?

Miss De Ping (wearily)—I think it must need cleaning. It's been two or three hours going that last hour.

Both Wrong.

"Hello, a cigar in your mouth? thought you'd given up smoking?"

"So did I."

Useful Work for a Collegian.

One of Pittsburgh's leading manufacturers does not think so highly of the value of a college career. He was taking a fellow magnate to task the other day.

"Well, I hear your son is through college."

"Yes, he's through."

"Put in four years, I s'pose?"

"Four years."

"And did he learn anything whatever that was useful during those four years?"

"Oh, yes. He learned to operate an automobile so well that we have put him in charge of one of our big electric trucks."

A While for a Time.

A Cleveland school teacher writes that she asked her class what was the difference between the expression, "a while," and "a time," says the Cleveland Plain-Dealer. Nobody seemed to have any ideas on the subject. Finally the light of intelligence was seen to shine in the eyes of one little boy, and the teacher called upon him to save the intellectual honor of the class.

"I know, teacher!" he cried eagerly. "When papa says he's going out for a while, mamma says she knows he's going out for a time!"

That's one way of looking at it.

A Touch of Humor.

Another story is told of Harry Clarke's journalistic career.

"Always be on the lookout for any little touch of humor that may brighten up your column," the editor told him.

That evening Clarke handed in an account of a burglary in a butcher's shop, which commenced: "Mr. William Cleaver, the well-known butcher, has been losing flesh rapidly of late."

On a Car.

"Will the ladies move up front, please," said the conductor on a car crowded with matinee girls.

There was little response, so he spoke again.

"Move forward, please, ladies; the motorman is a great deal better-looking man than I am."

Smiling, the ladies moved up.

Many Purchases.

Young Wife—My dear, I've been putting down everything I spent in an account book, just as you said; but I think I'd better stop.

Husband—Why so?

Young Wife—It's costing like everything for account books.

A Quitter.

The young man wanted an understanding before he proposed.

"Can you wash dishes?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the girl. "Can you wipe 'em?"

He didn't propose.

The New Tube Gown.

She—How do you like my new dress? Handsome. It reminds me of a popular theater.

She—What do you mean?

He—Standing room only.

Heard in a Street Car.

She—Pardon me, sir, for walking on your feet.

He—Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know.

A True Friend.

Peet—Can you give me a tip in stocks?

Street—Yes, but in consideration of our long friendship, I won't.

Squire Hornbottle—For a married man you seem to have a lot of time to loaf around the depot and stores.

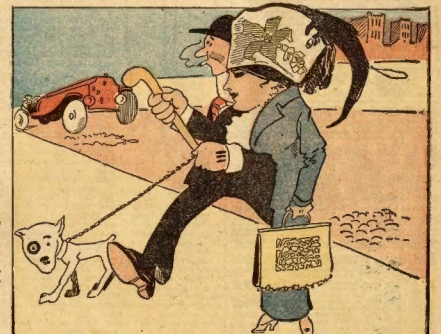
Newt Neversweat—You see, squire, I'm so soft hearted it breaks me all up to sit around the house and watch my wife work so hard.

His Punishment.

Boss Barber—What? You have cut the gentleman four times! Well, just for punishment, you must shave him all over again, right away!"

When Visitors Came.

"Mother," asked the little one, on the occasion of a number of guests being present at dinner, "will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?"



She—That young couple seem to get along first rate together. Are they married?

He—Yes—but not to each other!

Her Basis for It.

"Woman will be famed as well as man," she ejaculated, as she threw down the book.

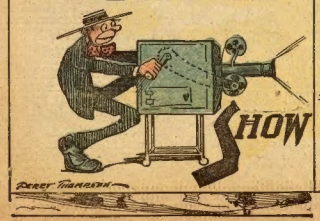
"Yes," responded old Cynicus, "for untold ages."

True Economy.

Friend—Why do you wear those fearfully old-fashioned collars?

Winkers (a man of affairs)—Because, when the washerwoman sends them to anybody else, they send them back.

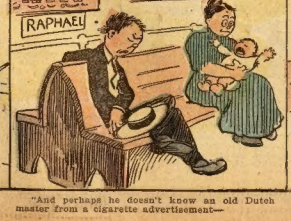
A REAL ART CRITIC.



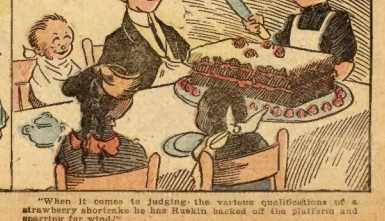
"You may say what you like, while Bilkins hasn't much of a taste for landscape—

"Nor the masterpieces of Phidias and Michelangelo, while he may not be—

"Able to chirp in on a discussion among the long-haired gentry concerning an oil of the modern French school—



"And perhaps he doesn't know an old Dutch master from a cigarette advertisement—



"When it comes to judging the various qualifications of a strawberry shortcake he has Ruskin backed off the platform and sparring for wind."

START A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

Work when you feel like it—Quit when you're tired

You are worth more than your salary or you couldn't hold your job. Don't spend your life earning for someone else. Get full value for your ability.

BE FREE—BE INDEPENDENT

We will start you in a business where you make more than you could ever make on a salary. Easy, clean work—no drudgery. A dignified, respected occupation in which you can easily

EARN FROM $40 to $60 A WEEK

and more. Your business will increase season after season. Live, write-a-wake men earn from $3,500 to $5,000 a year.

NO SELLING OR CANVASSING REQUIRED All you do is show our big line of fabrics to friends, wear one of our fashionable, made-to-measure suits as a sample of our tailoring, quote our unheard of low prices, and the sale is made.

WE WANT A GOOD MAN

in every town to take orders and make big profits with our large and fully guaranteed complete line, showing all the new fabrics and styles. We send the entire outfit, full line of samples, portfolio of fashions, book of order blanks, tape line, and explicit instructions

FREE—ABSOLUTELY FREE

It won't cost you a cent. You take no risk. Don't give up your present position. Work in your spare time until we prove you can make more money in your own business.

WRITE NOW—RIGHT NOW—Today. Get the right to take orders in your town before someone else gets in ahead of you.

REMEMBER WE PREPAY EXPRESS ON EVERYTHING

Address your letter to

COSMOPOLITAN TAILORING COMPANY

702 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 1, Chicago, Illinois

PRICE $7.50 UP

Make $20 a Day

Operating our wonderful CHAMPION PICTURE MACHINE. Takes, develops, finishes perfect pictures in 30 seconds; 200 an hour. The 20th Century Marvel! No dark room. Work completed in broad daylight. Experience unnecessary. "Instructions are so simple my monkey can operate it," writes J. T. Thomas (Thomas & Pearl Circus), Gifford, S. C. "Far exceeds my expectations," writes O. W. Finney, Boise City, Idaho.

"Owners of these machines can make as high as 500% profit," says Dan'l Harvey, N. Y. City. "In a couple of hours took in $4.65; a sure money-maker."—W. E. Darby, Robert, Okla. "Given better results than any I have seen."—L. V. Dennen, Anderson, S. C. "As a money-maker, comes next to moving picture machines."—New York Tarbiah. Hundreds of other testimonials from great and users.

Our cameras are world-famous; in use all over the globe. Positively unequaled. Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage. You coin money anywhere. Write at once for Free Book, Testimonials and Liberal Offer.

AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.

880 Nelson Block, Dept. B-880, CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLID GOLD FILLED GUARANTEED 20 YEARS $5.95

Elegant Watch Offer. Open face, 20-year gold filled guaranteed case (6 sizes), plain polished or engine-turned, screw back and bezel, 6-size proof, 16-size fac-tory movement, 7 ruby-jeweled adjusted patent lever movement, gold inlaid dial, guaranteed 6 correct timekeeper. Also Ladies' O'fer with white porcelain dial.

$5.95 COLD

VERY THIN MODEL

Stem Wind & Stem Set FILLED

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it to you without exposure to you. C. O. D. for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal to anyone at $20 to $25 watch in appearance, pay express agent our special sales price $5.95 and express charges and it is yours. Address

MUTUAL SALES CO., B 11, Washington St.-Chicago, Ill.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1913 bicycle. *Write for special offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1913 Models **$10 to $27**

1911 & 1912 Models **$7 to $12**

All makes and models, good as new **$3 to $8**

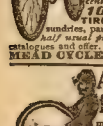
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE

We ship on Approval without deposit, pay the freight, and allow

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

TIRES, coaster-brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N-53 CHICAGO



A $50 CORNET for $30

We celebrate our 48th year as the world's largest band instrument house by introducing an American made cornet that challenges the best; beautiful model; easy blowing. Send for our

Big Band Book FREE!

and let us give you particulars of our wonderful new values. Monthly payments.

Lyon & Healy, 27-30 E. Adams St., Chicago

CORN HARVESTER with Binder Attachment

cuts and throws in piles on harvested corn or windrows. Man and horse cuts and shocks equal with a corn Binder. Sold in every state. Price $30.00 W. H. BUXTON, of Johnstown, Ohio, writes: The Harvester has proven all you claim for it; the Harvester saved me over $25.00 in labor last year's corn cutting. I cut over 300 shocks; will make 4 bushels corn to a shock." Testimonials and catalog free showing pictures of harvester. Address

NEW PROCESS MFG. CO., SALINA, KANSAS

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memoranda or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your pertals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss this. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

"1,000 Ways to Get Rich" The Book of Knowledge

An immense collection of money making discoveries, formulas, recipes, mechanical secrets and methods. To introduce our latest catalogue, we will send this valuable book post-paid for the special price of 20 cents.

Address The "LEVER" COMPANY, Elizabeth, N.J.

MONEY $ $ for wise men. $$ Key free. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

INVENTIONS patented Free; sold on commission; Fine inventions for sale. Adam Fisher 44-S St. Louis, Mo.

POETS Authors, get cash for your songs and stories. Manuscripts Col. 44 60 Unity, Mo.

SONG-POEMS wanted Cash or royalty to you. Needham Music House, 44-S, St. Louis, Mo.

MARJORIE

A year has swung around again;
You who were nine today are ten,
And you are growing, oh so tall!
You do not laugh and romp and call
Quite in the way you used to do;
And there are many times when you
Look off afar with dreamy eyes—
Which see naught of the summer skies,
Or bloomy fields, or swaying trees;
Your ears hear not the hum of bees;
You take no thought of where you are;
Your preening soul has ventured far.

And we who stand and look at you
Grieve that we've lost the point of view
Of a wee lassie just turned ten;
Would we might find our way again
Back down the years to where you stand,
To take you gently by the hand
And climb up with you all the way
To this place up with you all the way.
To climb up with you and to guide
Your feet in pathways all untried,
But—we shall hold you by the hand
And love will help us understand.

You'll have to go and stand once more
Against the casing of all the years
And have your height marked as you've done
Since you were such a little one;
And we shall gaze on the new mark
And we shall smile and turn to hark
You singing in the other room,
And your glad voice shall take the gloom
Out of our hearts. Why grove at all
Because your ten and grown so tall?
You love us as you used to do,
And love will smooth all paths for you.

* * *

GETTING STARTED.

GENEVIEVE is always in a hurry. The only possible thing that, according to her friends, could prevent her from hurrying would be a state of general paralysis.

One of the contributory causes to her normal state of being in a hurry is that she does not make up her mind until the last possible minute. That was why it was not until her husband had pushed back his chair from the breakfast table that she suddenly exclaimed: "I think we'll go down to Springfield, Ill., to Cousin Nettie's wedding today, after all. The train leaves at 11 o'clock and we'll get in with plenty of time to rest and dress, for the wedding is not till 8 o'clock."

"All right," said her husband. "You'd better drive down in the electric and pick me up at the office. I'll have a boy from the office get the car at the station and take it home."

Genevieve started from the house with plenty of time and with three suitcases blocking up all the interior of the electric that she did not occupy herself. To be sure, she had a few errands, such as stopping at the milliner's for her latest hat, getting a bracelet at the jeweler's and picking out some flowers to wear that night, but she knew that she could do these errands in a hurry. When she arrived at her husband's office he was just able to see the tip of her nose above the luggage and the boxes beneath which she was apparently buried.

"Drive on!" he ordered. "I'll take a street car. Why didn't you bring along a truck to carry all that stuff?"

Genevieve engineered her car through the perilous way to the railroad station and there waited for her husband. As the big clock pointed to one minute past train time he came rushing up, red and breathless. His street car had been blocked. They had, indeed, missed the train.

It was a sad ride home. Genevieve's husband had to go along to drive the car, in consequence of Genevieve's being dissolved in tears over the fiasco. Her grief seemed to be equally divided between sorrow at missing the wedding and woe over not being able to show off her new evening gown. When she grew tired of telling her husband that it was all his fault he told her that it was hers; until she grew rested and could resume the theme.

By the time Genevieve reached home she had revived somewhat. Rushing to the telephone, she called up three railroad offices, sent two telegrams and got Springfield on the long distance phone. Then, just as her husband reached his office, she phoned him.

"There's a train on a different road going at 2:36," she informed him. "I've phoned for tickets to be ready and have made all arrangements. All you've got to do is——"

"I won't!" her husband interrupted in the loud, determined tone that men use when they are mortally afraid they are going to give in. "I wouldn't go through all that agony and fuss again for——"

"And I'll meet you right by the big gate!" Genevieve ended as calmly as though he had not spoken.

"But——" yelled her husband.

"And if we miss the wedding we'll be there in time for the reception," added Genevieve, sweetly. "Good-by, dear. At

They had missed the train.

2:15, remember!"

"But——" roared her husband as she hung up the receiver.

Genevieve's husband was there on time, and so was Genevieve, with the three suitcases, the hat, the flowers and triumph at really getting off after all. Even her husband melted under her cheerfulness.

After they had rolled along for an hour he admitted that a little rest and change from the office was a good thing and that he really should enjoy the wedding and seeing all the relatives. Then Genevieve got out some cards and they played penuchle. Then they read a story and had dinner. The train was due at 7:45, Genevieve said. Strange to say, it was on time. They rushed out of the car with all their hand luggage and ran for a cab.

"We can make the house in ten minutes and get dressed in twenty," Genevieve said. "We—my goodness, Arthur, what's happened to the place? Why—why——"

She grabbed a passing native. "Isn't this Springfield?" she shrieked.

"Yessum," he said, in surprise. "Springfield it is. Springfield, Ind."

* * *

Gallery God Spoiled It.

All the good stories which the late Maurice Barrymore, father of Ethel, Lionel, and John Barrymore, told on himself, never have been published and probably never will be. Barrymore was in Kansas City just prior to his final collapse, and here is a story he told:

Barrymore was Mrs. Leslie Carter's leading support when that celebrated actress appeared in Belasco's production of "The Heart of Maryland." In the big third act Barrymore, the hero, was in the hands of the designing villain, who had caught him off guard. Two rookies bound Barrymore's hands and the villain, left alone with his prey, taunted the hero. It was Barrymore's "business" to squirm and to wail.

"Oh, if my hand were free!" he would repeat several times as he tried vainly to break the rope which held him fast. The villain would approach and snap his fingers right under Barrymore's nose.

"Loosen my hands, you devil!" Barrymore would exclaim.

One night at this great and exciting moment in the scene, Barrymore had just finished his dare to the villain to loosen his hands when the traditional gallery god yelled out, in a sharp, clear voice:

"Why don't you kick him on the shins, Barry? Your feet ain't tied."

Barrymore cursed the part from that moment until his dying day.

* * *

Merely Nibbling.

"Ever since I was converted last week," remarked a certain colored citizen in a chastenedly triumphant tone, "muh conscience gnaws me when I thinks of what a sinner I was befo' I seed de blessed light. I was false to de Lawd and untrue to muh feller men, and muh conscience gnaws——"

"Do it gnaw yo' enough, Brudder Bogus," grimly interrupted old Brother Gumpshun, "to make yo' pay me back dem fou' dollahs yo' borried off'n me yeah befo' last?"

"Why—why, sah!—yo' knows how clost de times is, dese days, and—well, sah, here's a haffer dollar, dat I'll pay yo' now, and——"

"Huh! If dat's de best yo' kin do, sah, yo' conscience ain't gnawin'—it's dess uh-nibblin'."

A Woman's Pluck.

"I've got a little tale to tell by way of showing how the right kind of woman meets trouble," said the traveling man who was getting gray. "I was there and saw it, so I know.

"You see, I had worked a good many years and had been successful in business in my small town, so that I saw a holiday ahead. I had been telling my wife that we would take a holiday and a little trip. The little trip that I had in mind was nothing less than a tour of the Mediterranean.

"I had $21,000 in the bank, and for a little town merchant I felt comfortable.

"The day before the time I had set for buying the tickets I was on my way home from the store, when the president of the bank called me across the street. He took me in and showed me a letter from his absent cashier saying that the writer would not return. The further information conveyed by the cashier was of a nature to warrant the bank's closing with some degree of permanence. A bank without money is rather a futile thing.

"That didn't cheer me up a bit. All my money was in that bank and the cashier had cleaned out the bank. It was easy to guess the answer.

"I went home, arriving a little late. My wife asked me what was the matter. I told her that a man came into the store just at closing time and kept me—just lied to her. She made no comment. After supper I soon turned in and my wife went to sleep before I did.

"After a while she woke up and said: 'Are you asleep?'

"I kept still.

"'You're not asleep,' she said.

"'How did you know?' I asked.

"'By your breathing. Are you ill?'

"'It's worse than that,' I said.

"'What is it—trouble?'

"'Yes, plenty of trouble. We're cleaned out, that's all. I deceived you this evening. I wasn't kept at the store. Fendall called me in on the way home to tell me that the bank's gone and all the money we had with it. Without that money I can't pay out and the business will have to close up.'

"'Bad as that?' she asked.

"'Yes, bad as that.'

"'What about that trip you were going to take—was it back to Pennsylvania or something like that?'

"'No, it was a tour of the Mediterranean.'

"'Well, we might have been awfully seasick. We've got old Billy and the buggy left, haven't we?'

"'Yes, and a little more.'

"'Oh, well, we're not quite gone,' she said.

"'You're a plucky one!' I said.

"She was asleep again in ten minutes.

"Talk about clear grit! She once scolded me for getting mixed up with a man who turned out crooked—she never blamed me once in all the years of struggle that followed. At a time of life when I had expected to be on Easy street I had to take to the road, and our lives have been a lot different and a lot less comfortable than they would have been if I had had more foresight, but never once has she told me so. She seemed to have sense enough to know that a man's own knowledge of the facts, afterward, is as much punishment as he deserves, if not more.

"I believe, in spite of the disappointment, that I've had more out of life than if I had quit and retired, satisfied with that small fortune.

"It was worth the money to find out how much grit my wife had."

* * *

The Sinecure is Dead.

A man who gets a job nowadays under the civil service has to work. If he doesn't he is fired, and a real man is put in his place. But it was not like this in the good days of old. Senator Bankhead of Alabama tells the story of a man he met on the street in Washington years ago when civil service in the Government had just been established.

"Well," said the man, "I've been working myself to death for the last three months trying to get a civil service appointment, but you can bet your life I'm going to take it easy now."

"Well, I suppose you failed through lack of influence," sympathized the Senator.

"No," said the man. "I've gotten the appointment."

* * *

No Endearments.

If there be women who foment strife and dissension, there be also those who spread the kindly cloak of charity over the appearance of evil. If some magnify, there be others who chidingly say: "Tut, tut; it is nothing!"

Among these pearls Amy Nash is the pearl of great price. In the jeweled assemblage of discreet femininity Amy is the resplendent Koh-i-noor. Summoned as witness in a London divorce case, it was inquired of Amy whether she had ever seen endearments exchanged between the defendant and the correspondent. Her reply was conclusively negative:

"I never saw any endearments between Thomas Beecham and Mrs. Foster. They merely hugged and kissed one another."

In the Sky Service.

(Continued from Page Two.)

upon a white canvas roof, and turning weakly he noted a guard at the door. A voice muttered an order behind him, and General Sherrer stood beside him.

"I have just completed my report to headquarters," he said slowly. "Would you like to hear what I have said about the Phoenix?"

Amboy nodded and turned his head away from the chair.

"Lieutenant Amboy, of the Sky Service," read the General, "destroyed the Phoenix without orders, and upon his own initiative. Four hours later the army of the The Green capitulated to us.

"I would recommend Lieutenant Amboy for promotion, in accord with the regulations of the service, on the grounds that the honor of the army has been sustained by his act. I beg to recommend, also, that the Sky Service be discontinued. Both armies feel that such service is nothing short of murder."

Amboy drew a deep breath.

"The Phoenix will never rise from the ashes," he whispered, and a moment later the General's hand sought his.

"I had hoped against hope," he said, softly, "that the soldier's honor within you would find some means of ending this disgrace. I am glad that you did find a way."

But Lieutenant Amboy shook his head. Safe from the eyes of his chief he bent his head and kissed the letter which he held in his hand.

"Just a man's honor," he whispered, "and a woman's."

* * *

The Office Kid—The trouble with this place is they're so strict you can't loaf on the job more'n half the time.

The Messenger Boy—Oh, well, half a loaf is better'n none.

* * *

Quick Measurements.

A traveler was detained at a little country railway station in England for half an hour, and was chatting with the station master, when the bell rang sharply half a dozen times. Instantly the three employes—station master, ticket agent, and porter—ranged up in a line on the platform, and stood at attention.

A moment later a locomotive with a single saloon car slowed up. The solitary occupant of the car regarded the men sharply from the window, made hurried notes, and quickly retired.

"Who was that?" the traveler asked the station master, after the train had gone. "Some prominent official of the line?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "That was the railroad company's tailor measuring us for new suits."

* * *

The Verdict.

Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster at a luncheon in Newport said of a young girl who had just returned from Paris:

"She studied, you know, under De Reszke. They tell a story about her.

"One afternoon, in presence of the whole class, she sang an aria of Puccini's. All the time she was singing the maestro walked up and down muttering 'Mon Dieu!' 'Peste!' and such like expressions. When she finished everybody looked at him expectantly, anxious to hear the final verdict.

"Monsieur De Reszke strode up to the girl, laid his hand on her shoulder in a gentle, fatherly way, and delivered his verdict in a murmur.

"'Ma chere,' he said, 'marry soon. Good-by.'"

* * *

Reversed.

Four little girls were dressed to represent the word "star" at a school concert, and each had one letter of that word pinned on to her white dress. Each letter began the verse of a song.

'Now, my dears," said the mistress, "form yourselves in position and wait until the curtain goes up."

The little girls did as they were told, and while the piano played the accompaniment the curtain went up.

Instead of applause to greet the little girls there were shouts of laughter, says an exchange.

They had formed in the wrong order, making the word "star" backward.

Overland 1913 — $985 — Overland 1913

Completely Equipped F. O. B. Toledo

This Completely Equipped, Powerful, 30-Horsepower, 5-Passenger Touring Car

Here Are a Few of the Big Features:

Self Starter
30 Horsepower
5 Passenger Touring Car
110-inch Wheel Base
Timken Bearings
Center Control
$50 Remy Magneto
$50 Warner Speedometer
$50 Mohair Top and Boot
$25 Clear Vision Wind-Shield
$25 Prestolite Tank

THERE never has been such an astonishing automobile value offered to the American farmer. Study the specifications—the detailed values. See the unusually complete equipment—everything possible and practical for an automobile. Remember the thorough and fine Overland construction and you'll get a good idea of this exceptional worth. $985 for this complete, big, powerful car. No extras; nothing additional to buy but gasoline. Ready for service the minute you get it. This car, at this price, smashes all previous records. It even totally eclipses our 1912 values, which a year ago baffled the world. 40,000 Overlands will be made in 1913. This enormous jump in production makes possible this new car at this new price. As our production goes up, prices come down, as has been shown in each preceding year.

In this age of rapid progress it is sometimes difficult to grasp the full significance of an important, progressive manufacturing step, such as this car exemplifies. But when you sum up the extraordinary cold dollar for dollar value which this car offers, as compared to any and all competing motor car values, the giant economical manufacturing strength of the huge Overland plants is realized and recognized. It only proves the ability of this most powerful and efficient automobile factory.

Here we can but call your attention to the bare facts. This is the car—a big, powerful, beautiful, spacious, comfortable, self-starting, thirty horsepower, five-passenger touring car—fully equipped—all ready for night or day, rain or shine, service. Made of the best materials on the market, by the most skilled men known to the trade, and in the most efficient automobile shops in America. And the price is but $985.

We can make the positive statement, without any kind of a condition, that this is the automobile industry's record value.

This car can now be seen in any city in America. Over 2,000 Overland dealers are waiting to give you your demonstration. Look up the one in your vicinity.

Write us at once for full information and a 1913 catalogue. Address Dept. K 98.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Detailed Specifications—Model 69T

MOTOR—Four-cylinder, cast separately. Bore, 4 in. Stroke, 4½ in. Horsepower, 30.

IGNITION—Remy Model R. D. Battery and Magneto—two sources of current.

COOLING—Water cooled Thermo-Syphon Cellular Radiator.

OILING—Splash system for crank and cam shaft bearings. Cylinder and timing gears oiled with Kinwood force feed oiler.

CAM SHAFT—Carbon steel drop forged, three bearings.

CRANK SHAFT—Carbon steel drop forged, five bearings.

CONNECTING ROD—Carbon steel drop forged.

MAGNETO SHAFT—Drop forging.

PUSH ROD—Crescent drill rod steel.

CARBURETOR—Model L Schebler.

CENTER CONTROL.

FRAME—Channel section—cold rolled steel.

SPRINGS—Front semi-elliptics.

TRANSMISSION—Selective. Three speeds forward and reverse. Annular bearings.

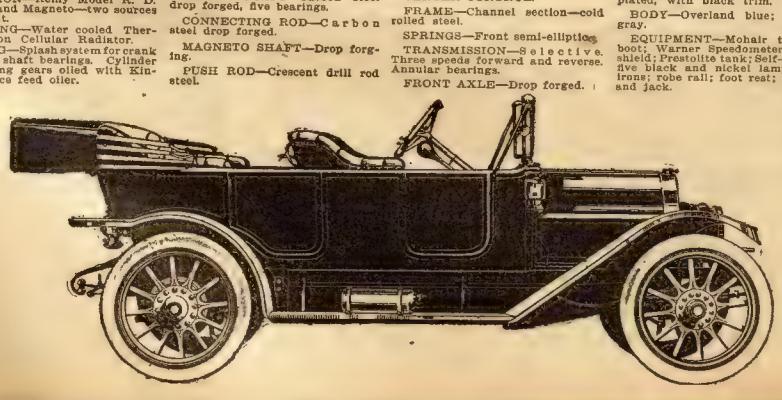
FRONT AXLE—Drop forged.

TIRES—32x3½ Q. D.

FINISH—All bright parts nickel plated, with black trim.

BODY—Overland blue; wheels, gray.

EQUIPMENT—Mohair top and boot; Warner Speedometer; Wind shield; Prestolite tank; Self-starter; five black and nickel lamps; tire irons; robe rail; foot rest; tool kit and jack.



Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittance should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion for advertisements in the The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

One man's folly may be another man's widow.

It is always the open season for killing time.

Wise men mail their love letters in a waste basket.

Envy provides the mud that failure throws at success.

And a weak head is easily influenced by a full stomach.

Set others a good example by giving yourself a square deal.

What the world needs is less advice and more good example.

Some men like to talk because it requires no previous thought.

A good scare is of more benefit to some men than good advice.

All things are for the best—and every one of us imagines he's the best.

Many a man is dissatisfied with his lot because it is too near his neighbor's.

It is hard for a man to mind his own business unless he has both a mind and a business.

Sunday is the day of rest; but did you ever know a man who felt rested on Monday morning?

A man's idea of a clever woman is one who will listen to the silly things he says about himself.

It's the easiest thing in the world to bring up children in the way they should go—if you haven't any.

Before promising to fly with a young man it is up to a girl to investigate his ability as an airship chauffeur.

It doesn't seem right that a woman should have two ears for hearing gossip and only one tongue for repeating it.

But the undoing of the work that Satan finds for idle hands to do furnishes employment for a lot of other people.

If a man's family includes a wife, three grown-up daughters and a mother-in-law he has no earthly use for a phonograph.

We are admonished that a good name is better than great riches—but most of us keep right on hunting for riches just the same.

The real thing in honest men is one who pays the widow that $5 he borrowed of the late lamented just before he left this vale of tears.

There is nothing more disappointing to a woman who wants to tell a secret than the discovery that the other woman is already next to it.

A Sweetheart's Secret.

(Continued from page four.)

Mossy Phipps! The sleep-walker came on and passed almost within arms' reach of us.

"She's wide awake now," I heard Jenkins say, in half-audible tones. "She walks in her sleep you know, Mr. Roland?"

Well did I know that. The girl's footfalls made slight noise on the planks of the bridge, and a minute later we saw the man start from his position and hold out his hand to her.

"He was waiting for Mossy, Mr. Roland."

The pair thus strangely met now stood in the moonlight, their figures close together, but too far away for us to catch their conversation. All at once the man put his hand underneath his coat and drew forth a package which he handed to Phipps. The action sent a thrill through my every nerve. The girl eagerly seized the package and hid it in her bosom, and taking a purse from her pocket she gave the man some coin. The fellow tipped his hat to the maid and drew back. In another second he was walking rapidly toward the village. Mossy Phipps turned and came back.

"Are you going to rob her, Mr. Roland?" Jenkins whispered.

"Not for the world!" answered I. "Let her go home. I am going after the man."

Miss Phipps came toward us with a satisfied air. She passed our little ambush, and soon vanished toward the old house. Jenkins followed her anxiously with his brown eyes, but said nothing. I sprang forward and took up the trail of the strange man. He was out of sight, but feeling that he would lead me into the village, I did not look carefully for him.

To the right of Addison stood the home of Jason Sellers, a large, roomy house which had been erected during my sojourn abroad. Claudia had told me the story of its building, and laughed when she remarked that she had been destined to inhabit it as a bride. A narrow road switched off from the main one at a certain spot and trailed toward this house. I paused at the junction of the two ways.

Looking down the private road I was startled to behold a human figure between me and the moon. Was it the man whom I had been following? As I gazed, the man moved, and, keeping within the shadows of the trees, I darted after him. He could not know that I was on his track; at least, he showed no signs that he was keenly observing, and I had no trouble keeping him in sight.

The home of Jason Sellers soon loomed up before me, and to my astonishment the man turned from the road and went toward the house. I was certain now that I was running the night fox to his den, and the thought tingled every nerve. Presently I heard the bark of a dog, and then saw by the moonlight that shimmered through the trees in front of the house that the animal was being fondled by my human quarry.

Another minute had not elapsed when I lost sight of the man and dog, and as I stepped boldly forward to rediscover them, something flashed in my face and I knew no more!

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

A Surprise for Greeley.

In his young days, while filling the humble position of printer's "devil," Horace Greely was sedulously courting the minister's daughter. Her father did not look with favor on the young man's attentions.

One day, however, the good man was unwontedly gracious, and invited the future editor to come to church the next Sabbath, as he felt sure the sermon would be of special interest to him. Sunday morning found young Horace dressed in his best, seated in the pew beside the fair object of his devotion. Sermon time came, and his dismay may be imagined when the minister, looking straight at him, impressively announced as his text, "Lo! My daughter is being grievously tormented by a devil."

Brought Him to Time.

One Boston girl, who does not live a hundred miles from St. Stephen street, had her own delicate way of taking advantage of leap year, and, what is better, her scheme worked beautifully. She had been courted about a year and as she was really fond of the chap, she was more than keen to hear the momentous question, but the man, who apparently was sincerely fond of the girl, failed to "pop." She had had occasion to sign a letter to the young man, and this is the way she did it: "As always, Edith Jones." She heavily underscored the "always" and the name "Jones." The marriage takes place next week and it has been deemed of sufficient importance to be given considerable space in the Boston papers.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

AGENTS WANTED

ESTABLISHED Business Free—Will transfer profitable trade to reliable man in every town. Business too heavy for us to handle direct. Right man can make himself independent for life without any investment. Experience unnecessary, but must furnish references. Reliance Tailoring Co., 608 Dearborn street, Chicago.

$3.00, guaranteed, American made razor given free to one man at each P. O. address, to advertise. Agents wanted. Inclose stamp. Crown Cutlery Co., Dep't B, Ladiesburg, Md.

AGENTS on salary or commission. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to $620 in six days; another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg., Co-X, 66 Lake Crosse, Wis.

$250 paid for distributing 2,000 free packages Perfumed Soap Powder. Men or women. No money required. B. W. Ward & Co., 1770 Berteau, Chicago.

REMNANT STORE, Cincinnati. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Proposition to agents and storekeepers.

STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo., Big Idea in tree selling. Best terms known to nursery world. Box 80.

AGENTS—Men and Women; sell guaranteed Hosiery. Credit plan helps you. The line that repeats. Exclusive agency to hustlers. Dept. B 1., Lehr Mfg. Co., Denver, Colo.

$3.00 to $5.00 per day selling our family medicines. We trust you and help you build a business all your own. Free samples. Write today. Ecktone Co., St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Men and Women—For Government positions. $50.00 month. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "layoffs." Common education sufficient. Over 12,000 appointments coming. Influence unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Franklin Institute, Dep't 31, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—immediately, men and women for Government Positions. Fall Examinations everywhere. Prepare now. Trial Examination Free. Write, Ozment, K, St. Louis

SECRET Service—Pays Thousands of Dollars Yearly. We will train you. Best system on Earth. Address: Secret Service, Martinsville, Virginia

LEARN the Barber Trade. Few weeks completes. We control many excellent positions. Tools given. Branches in all leading cities. For information regarding any one, write Dept. 10, Moler College, 738 South Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill.

GOVERNMENT Post Office Examinations everywhere soon. Get prepared by former U. S. Civil Service Examiner. Write for Booklet R, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. Make $50 to $500 a month. Write. Box CK-293, Covington, Ky.

WANTED—Reliable man in each locality who is interested in lodge work, either president, secretary, deputy or member. If you know something about lodge work, how it is started, carried on, etc., and would like to turn that knowledge into some good money during your spare moments, write immediately to Box G-409, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOVERNMENT farmers wanted. $60 monthly. Free living quarters. Write today. Ozment, 68 F, St. Louis

SOUND men, 20 to 40 years old, wanted at once in every State for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; $60 to $100 month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strikes; write immediately for application blank. Address Mgr. Z., 552 Dwight Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

MUSICAL

A SONG entitled "Carnation Day" dedicated to Miss Anna Jarvis, founder of Mother's Day, suitable for church and home. Mail 7c for copy. Robert Baxter, 3227 Sansom st., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS

PATENTS That Protect—Patent your ideas; they may bring you wealth; 64 page book free. Fitz Gerald & Co., Dept. W, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS secured. Send sketch and if possible model for free Experts Search and Report as to patentability. Books on inventions and patents, and reference book, sent free. John S. Duffie & Co., Dep't 7, Washington, D. C.

BOYS AND GIRLS

FREE to Boys and Girls! Watches, Mesh Bags, Jewel Cases and other premiums. Sell 20 bottles perfume, 10c each and return money when sold. Send for perfume today. Princess Perfume Co., 304 Northampton, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE WRITING

WRITE IDEAS for motion picture plays. Make $50 weekly in spare time. No experience or literary excellence necessary. Easy, fascinating work. We'll show you how. National Authors Institute, 503 Gaiety Theatre Bldg., New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

MAKE a comfortable living at home sewing plain seams. Any ordinary sewing machine. All home work. No canvassing. Steady. Sewers wanted in each town. No triflers reply. State how much time can sew. Send ten cents for postage, samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, New York Jobbers Sewing, "BLY" Dept., Rehoboth, Delaware.

LADIES can make sifields at home; $10 per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN wanted—Nobe Hand Vacuum sweeper. Price, $5.00, profit 150 per cent. Nobe Company, 167 W, Washington st., Chicago

HEALTH AND MEDICAL

GALLSTONES, Gravel and Kidneys cured by painless dissolving. No taste, smell or poison. Stops all pain in few minutes. Price $1.00 a bottle. Write John Magnuson, Elkader, Iowa.

FARMS FOR SALE

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, sub-divided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5 acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000, asking land sold at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois

MISCELLANEOUS

BARGAIN—Three fine neckties $1. Gold-plated Pin free. Ties and pin retail at $2.50. This offer is for short time only. Send $1 at once. Money refunded by return mail if not satisfied. Name colors desired. W. C. Watkins, Parnassus, Pa.

GET Love Powder that entices. Package 12c. Two packages 20c. Pine, Long Beach, Calif.

BROTHER accidentally discovered root will cure both chronic habit and indigestion; gladly send particulars. R. O. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

PERSONAL

MARRY Rich—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free, sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grayslake, Illinois

MARRY—Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H, Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRIAGE Paper Free; best published for sure results. Reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dept. 674, Marshall, Mich.

MARRY wealth and beauty. Marriage Directory tells way when married. New plan. Ladies send description in first letter. Box 314 A., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed, FREE. The Exchange, Box 626 B., Kansas City, Mo.

LOVINE never fails. Every package guaranteed. Either sex 10c. Two packages sealed 20c. Union, Box 100N, Palatine, Illinois.

ANYONE desiring marriage is invited to write, Mrs. Hyde, 2676 Mission, San Francisco, California.

MARRIAGE Paper—Highest Character—Incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colo.

MARRY, thousands wealthy, anxious for early marriage, descriptions free. Confidential, 268 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

Questions and Answers.

Rev. Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh, when examining a student on one occasion, said: "And you attended the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said: "An inside and an outside."

But this was nothing compared with what followed. The Doctor having said to this student, "And you attended the moral philosophy class also?" added:

"Well, you would hear lectures there on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The Doctor propsed no more questions. —Life.

The Inspector.

A Chicago politician imported his cousin from the old country and had him appointed a smoke inspector. This was in the old days. He was turned loose to inspect without any instructions whatever, and this is the report he rendered at the end of the first month:

"I certify that I have inspected the smoke of this city for the last thirty days. I find plenty of smoke and apparently of good quality. Respectfully submitted."

EVERY PRETTY WOMAN

whose comeliness of face, neck or arms is marred by a growth of hair or fuss, should try Delatone. With water this harmless powder is made into a paste and spread on the hairy surface. When washed off after a few minutes, the hair has vanished and skin remains uninjured. Delatone is a scientific preparation—safe, sure and speedy—now used by thousands and highly recommended by Mrs. Mae Martyn, the eminent authority on "Beauty." If your druggist cannot supply you with Delatone; a one-ounce jar will be mailed you upon receipt of $1, by Sheffield Pharmacal Co., 8226 Sheffield Ave., Dept. M, Chicago.

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalising force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (2)

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and roddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 661, Blairsville, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS Wanted for the "NU-PANTZ" Creaser

Creases trousers perfectly in five minutes, removes wrinkles, presses, etc. Aluminum self-heating outfit weighs but two pounds. Saves $10.00 to $30.00 per year, adds hundreds of dollars to personal appearance, and sells for only $3.50. Can you sell it?

No free samples or fabulous claims, but if you are willing to work, and can invest a few dollars, the "Nu-Pantz" gives you an opportunity to make $4.00 to $10.00 per day according to ability.

A fair trial involves no risk on your part. May we send full particulars?

RACINE CREASER CO., 27th St., Racine, Wis.

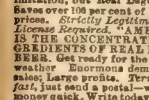
AGENTS GET THE MONEY

Something new at last. No matter who you are or what you are doing. Get busy. Sell "AMBREW" Concentrated Beer Extract. MAKES REAL GENUINE SPARKLING BEER right at home by adding water. Not a Near-Beer; not an imitation, but Real Lager Beer. Saves over 100 per cent of brewers prices. *Strictly Legitimate: No License Required.* "AMBREW" IS THE CONCENTRATED INGREDIENTS OF REAL LAGER BEER. Get ready for the coming hot weather Enormous demand. Quick sales; Large profits. *Territory going fast,* just send a postal—we'll show you how to make money quick. Write today, now—ask for booklet. AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO. Dept. 2598 Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS SELL GUARANTEED HOSIERY Make $18.00 to $30.00 per week

R. Nelson sold 60 Boxes in 4 days; cleared $24.00. W. S. Cane sold 150 boxes in a small village. Guaranteed no holes for 4 Months or new hose free. Permanent business; repeat orders. Big profits and great values. Write quick for outfit and instructions. ANCHOR HOSIERY COMPANY Desk 37 Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS! AMAZING INVENTION



Entirely new kind lamp burner, generates gas, makes extremely large powerful white light. Sells everywhere. Nothing like it. Exclusive territory contracts granted. Not sold in stores. Agents making big money. Experience unnecessary. Sample outfit 35c postpaid. Particulars FREE.

Smokeless Odorless

THE RADIOLITE CO., 1504 Spitzer Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size postpaid.

DR. LYONS, 2201 Locust St., Box B, St. Louis, Mo.

Live Agents Wanted

Hustlers to handle our attractive combination package of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $91.75 in 5 hrs., another $61 in 2 hrs., another $25.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 307 Davis Bldg., Chicago

AGENTS WANTED MEN OR WOMEN. A clean, profit-sharing plan.—Write us NOW for particulars. Address, Barrett Mercantile Co., Dept. B, Equitable Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

MAKE GOOD INCOME in your spare time. System Furnished. ABSOLUTELY FREE. Forty years experience. Write for particulars J. KOEHLER, Inc., 150 Park Row, New York

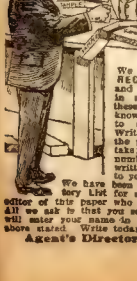
AGENTS WANTED Make $3 to $5 a day. Send 15 cents for sample and learn the selling 900 articles. Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. 7, Bath, N.Y.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN Good Pay, steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions Piedmont Tobacco Co., Sec. 4 16, Danville, Va.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKER Address SAYMAN 604 Seymour Building, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS Novelty Sign Cards spell E-a-s-y-C-a-s-h. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44-T St. Louis, Mo.

BIG MAIL FREE!



Would you like to get a lot of letters, catalogues and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive.

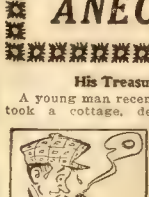
We publish an AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

His Treasure Trove.

A young man recently got married and took a cottage, determined to grow enough vegetables to keep the household going. He started to dig up the garden and after an hour's hard work was astonished to find a sovereign at his feet. Then he dug with renewed ardor. Several pennies, a six-pence and a half crown rewarded his efforts.

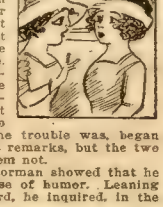


"Blow! If this ain't a bloomin' gold mine!" he said, digging away for all he was worth. "I wonder what I'll find next."

His arms ached, little beads of perspiration trickled down his nose and his neck felt as though it was breaking. He could stick to it no longer. He straightened his back at last with a groan of pain and at the same instant felt something cold sliding down his leg. In a moment he had grasped the truth. There was a hole in his trouser pocket!

Wouldn't Move.

A Washington street car was getting under way when two women, rushing from opposite sides of the street to greet each other, met right in front of the car. There the two stopped and began to talk. The car stopped, too, but the women did not appear to realize that it was there. Certain of the passengers, whose heads were immediately thrust out of the windows to ascertain what the trouble was, began to make sarcastic remarks, but the two women heeded them not.



Finally the motorman showed that he had a saving sense of humor. Leaning over the dashboard, he inquired, in the gentlest of tones:

"Pardon me, ladies, but shall I get you a couple of chairs?"

Unfair Distribution.

Two dear old ladies were discussing husbands. Said the first:

"I have been married three times. Each of my husbands is dead, though. They were all cremated."

Her friend was a dear old maiden lady. She listened attentively to her friend, and when she had concluded the sad story of her life she said:

"How wonderful are the ways of Providence. Here I've lived all these years, and have never been able to get one husband, and you've had husbands to burn."

A Communicative Mule.

A blank crop report was sent out by a Cleveland paper for the farmers to fill out, and the other day one of them came back with the following written on the blank side in pencil:

"All we've got in this neighborhood is three widders, two schoolma'ams, a patch of wheat, the hog cholera, too much rain, about fifty acres of 'taters, and a durn fool who married a cross-eyed gal because she owns eighty sheep and a mule, which the same is me, and no more at present."

Off the Track.

To add to Bunkerton's discomfiture in losing his way, he had now been brought to a standstill by the absolute impassability of the highway, and his temper, already sorely tried, finally gave way.

"What kind of people are you up here in this rotten old State?" he cried, addressing an old countryman who stood close by, inspecting his stranded car with curious eyes.

"I dunno," said the old man. "Baout the same ez most folks, I cal'late."

"Do you call this blankety blank scar on the face of nature a road?" roared Bunkerton.

"Not ez I knows on," returned the old man. "This here hain't the pike; it's Mose Whibley's traout stream run dry. I wondered what ye was drivin' up it for."

A Generous Disposition.

"Friend," said Ploddington Pete, "I want to ask you a favor."

"I haven't time to listen to you," said the pedestrian.

"I suppose you're expectin' me to ask you fur money."

"You needn't. I'm broke."

"Well, jes' to show dat I'm a good feller an' don't carry no ill will, jes' wait here till I panhandle up an' down de block a couple o' times an' I'll lend you some."

Her Principal Reason.

Mrs. Homes—Fancy, Mrs. Bangs threw a saucepan at her husband because he sat on her new hat. I never could do a thing like that.

Mr. Homes—Ah, no! Because you love me so dearly, eh, pet?

Mrs. Homes—Ye-es. Besides, I haven't a new hat!

The Shorter Route.

Lady Duff-Gordon, at a luncheon at Sherry's in New York, told an anecdote apropos of the divorce evil.

"Two girls," she said, "were chatting over a cocktail and a cigarette.

"'Marriages are made in heaven,' said the first girl, and she blew a cloud of smoke into the air and regarded it with dreamy eyes.

"The second girl, with a light laugh, replied:

"'Yes, that is true; but, thank goodness, to unmake them we have to go only as far as Reno.'"

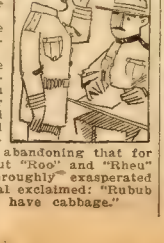
Telepathy.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty while feeling the pulse of a lady patient, "I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."

A Change of Diet.

This incident happened at camp, when a corporal, who was making up the rations, was approached by the tent orderly, and the latter suggested a change in the dietary.



"We should like to have some rhubarb," he said.

"You may have it," replied the corporal, who with pencil and paper then commenced trying to record the order. He began "Ru," hastily abandoning that for "Reu," and then put "Roo" and "Rheu" respectively. Thoroughly exasperated at last, the corporal exclaimed: "Rubub be blowed! You'll have cabbage."

AGENTS WANTED

Big Snap for Agents!

Agents everywhere are doubling their profits by taking orders for our stylish

English Slip-On Raincoats

Men's and Ladies' styles. Everybody wants one at our cut prices. Genuine Para Rubber. Guaranteed waterproof. Worn everywhere by best dressers in place of fall and spring overcoat. Big money-making proposition for agents. Entire or spare time. Also big side line for successful tailoring agent. Exclusive territory. Write today for our proposition and beat the other fellow to it.

BRAZILIAN RUBBER & MFG. CO. 103-105 W. Monroe St., Dept. 8, Chicago

$35 to $50—not now and then, but EVERY WEEK; as exclusive agent for our snappy, fast-selling, high demand line of necessities. There is no flim-flam about this—it is a strictly square, clean, guaranteed proposition with a large manufacturing concern. Drop us a card for quick action. We can use both men and women.

AMERICAN ALUMINUM MFG. CO., Div. 717, Lemont, Ills.

AGENTS SOMETHING NEW

Slip Easy Tie. 4-in-one 4-in-hand. A decided novelty in neckties. Really four ties in one. Made of high grade pure silk, 12 shades, five styles—four in-hand, bow, ready-made bow and four-in-hand, and four ladies' four-in-hand. Beautiful pocket sample-folder containing 12 samples of silk, two full length ties and complete instructions. Write at once for this ideal all year around seller. THOMAS BECKWEAR CO., 317 Home St., Dayton, O.

$1.00 Package Free

Quickly restores gray or faded hair to natural color; removes dandruff, stops falling hair and itching scalp. Grows new hair and makes the hair of man, woman or child heavy and beautifully glossy.

Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to The Foss Company, 2768 Foss Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail prepaid, free of charge. Mail Free Coupon Today.

FREE $1.00 PACKAGE COUPON 2768

Name .....

City .....

Street .....

State ..... R. F. D. .....

Made to Order $7.50

Most Amazing Suit Offer

Linings Guaranteed for Two Years

Made to your individual measure from any selection of cloth, in any style and guaranteed to fit you perfectly. Our suits are made by the only system in the world, which insures perfect fit, and are not approached in price, variety of style, quality of materials, trimmings and workmanship by any other house. We save you half on any clothes you buy.

Startling Agency Offer

Write us and we will send you absolutely free, complete sample outfit, including large selection of cloth samples, latest fashion illustrations, order blanks, tape measure, complete instructions how to take measurements. We will show you how easy it is to get into a well paying business. Hundreds of our agents are making from $5.00 to $15.00 a day. You need no money or experience—we furnish you everything to start. You can make good money using spare time only. Profits on two orders pays for your own suit. *The Capitol Tailors*

Dept. 200, Monroe and Market Sts. Chicago

El Rado The Guaranteed Liquid Hair Destroyer

is the only preparation known to Medical Science that will instantly and without the slightest injury to the most delicate skin remove

Superfluous Hair

That is why it is the only depilatory that can be sold with an absolute guarantee of satisfaction. Write for full information about this wonderful new discovery. Mailed securely packed in plain wrapper on receipt of $1.00. Pilgrim Mfg. Co., Dept. A, 37 East 28th St., New York

This Beautiful 20 Year Watch $3.75

Elegantly engraved THIN MODEL, GOLD FINISHED double Hunting case, Jewel American lever movement, stem wind and stem set. 27 combinations, any one with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, fob or vest chain for Gents. Your Choice.

$3.75 WHEN

20 Year Guarantee MODEL

EXAMINATION FREE. Let us send it C.O.D. to your express office, subject to examination. If you think it is a bargain send it back at our expense. If you think it is a bargain send us $3.75. Mention Ladies' or Gents' size. Mention this paper when you write. Send for Free Watch and Jewelry Catalog.

HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 805 CHICAGO, ILL.

ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

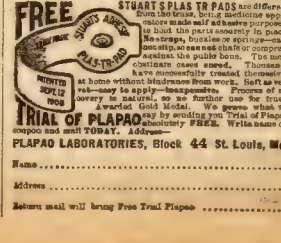
Remedy sent by express on Free Trial. If satisfied, send $1.00; if not, you owe nothing. W. H. Fondersmith, Elwood, Ind., says—"I used your Hay Fever medicine in 1908 and have never suffered since." Write today for the trial bottle, giving express office.

W. K. STERLINE, 48 Main St., Sidney, O.

STEM WIND AND SET **WATCH** RING & CHAIN **FREE**

FOR SELLING POST CARDS

Our exclusive FINE, FULL WIND AND SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring and Chain set with an Int. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept. 813 CHICAGO



OLD COINS

$7.75 paid for RARE date 1853 quarters. $20 for a half dollar. We pay a CASH premium on hundreds of coins. Keep all money dated before 1894 and send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7, it may mean your fortune. C. F. CLARK & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 58, Le Roy, N.Y.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine appliances made self adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have succesfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for trusses. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

TRIAL of PLAPAO

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 44 St. Louis, Mo.

Name .....

Address .....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao .....

OWN A BUSINESS
WE WILL HELP YOU

"I made $88.16 first three days," writes Mr. Reed, of Ohio. Mrs. Woodward earns $170 a month. Mr. M. L. Smith turned out $901 in two weeks. Rev. Crawford made $7.00 first day. See what others have done.

LET US START YOU

in Gold, Silver, Nickel and metal plating. Prof. Gray's new electro machine plates on watches, jewelry, tableware and metal goods. Prof. Gray's New Rotal Immersion Process latest method. Goods come out instantly with fine, brilliant, beautiful thick plate, guaranteed 5 to 10 years. No polishing or grinding. Every family, hotel and restaurant needs plated.

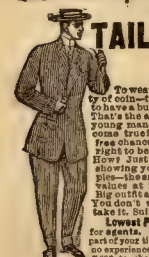
PLATERS HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO.

People bring it. You can hire boys to do the plating as we do. Men and women gather work for small per cent. Work is fine—no way to do it better. No experience required; **we teach you. Recipes, Formulas, Trade Secrets Free.** Outfits ready for work when received. Materials cost about ten cents to do $1.00 worth of plating.

Our new plan, testimonials, circulars and **SAMPLE FREE.** Don't wait. Send us your address anyway.

GRAY & CO. PLATING WORKS,
1246 Gray Building. Cincinnati, Ohio

$8 to $10 a Day
and a fine TAILORED SUIT FREE



To wear good clothes—to have plenty of coin—to be prosperous and look it—to have a respected standing in the town. That's the ambition—the dream of every young man—your dream! We make it come true! We give you a free suit—a free chance at the big money—a free right to be stylishly dressed. How? Just by being our agent. Just by showing your friends the swellest samples—the snappiest styles—the dandiest values at lowest prices ever heard of. Big outfit and finest cloth samples free. You don't *work* for the order; you just take it. Suits to order $8 and up.

Lowest Prices—Easiest Money

for agents. Big $10 a day easy. All or only part of your time. No hard work. No money—no experience—*nothing* needed but *telling*-ness to show our samples.

We Prepay All Express Charges

No matter what you are doing, or what other line you now have, we want to send you some of our samples—a suit free and tailored to your own measurements—and *specially finished* to make your friends envy you—quick.

Your name and address brings sample book, tape, directions and details of the most astounding offer ever made. Don't go to bed before writing for this big offer.

Knickerbocker Tailoring Company, Dept. 129 Chicago

Bottle DIXIE CHEER Free

For purity, strength and flavor, *Ullman's Whiskey* cannot be equaled. The first drink will convince you we are right. To induce you to try it, we offer, absolutely free, with

a bottle of *Dixie Cheer*, a beverage of surpassing quality, and a miniature bottle of rare *Athletic Club*—which is our wonderful offer:

4 Full Quart Bottles Ullman's Whiskey $2.85

8 Full Quart Bottles Ullman's Whiskey $5.00

ONE BOTTLE DIXIE CHEER 7 Sample Old Athletic Club; with each 4 Quart Order FREE

FOR ULLMAN'S WHISKEY

EXPRESS PREPAID

Express Prepaid

Now! Send remittance for $2.85 and we will ship you—express prepaid—four full quart bottles *Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey*, one bottle *Dixie Cheer*, and a sample bottle of *Athletic Club*; or remit us $5.00 and we will send you eight full quarts *Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey* with two free bottles *Dixie Cheer* and two bottles *AthleticClub*—express prepaid. Test the whiskey, by drinking all you please. If not delighted just return it to us and we will at once refund your money. All goods shipped in plain sealed package. Do not fail to take advantage of this wonderful "just-in-order-to-prove" offer. *Order today!*

AMERICAN SUPPLY CO.,
2010 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Vacant Government Land
HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. **The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made,** with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Mineral Claims. **Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.**

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

LIQUOR HABIT BANISHED.

The White Cross Anti-Liquor Society, chartered by the State of Missouri, is distributing a remedy that can be administered in coffee or whiskey, without patient's knowledge, is absolutely harmless and works wonders in a few days. Simply send name to

H. C. BURDETT, Secretary,
608 Kemper Building, Kansas City, Mo.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO. PARNASSUS, PA.

Our Boys' Corner

The Stolen Million

Or, JED BRONSON'S LEGACY

By Captain Jack Judson

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 32, Aug. 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.
THE BIRD ESCAPES.

IT WAS with a good deal of surprise that Jed Bronson and his chum Ned learned from Boston Kyle, the detective, that the Noah Harkaway who had taken such an interest in their welfare, was doubtless Oyster Jim and the man suspected of the robbery of the million-dollar legacy. This cunning rascal had been thought dead by the authorities, and, as we have seen, such a record was visible in the album in the Rogues' Gallery, but the matter of the crooked finger convinced Boston that the authorities had been hoodwinked in some manner, and that Jim was still alive, carrying out his audacious plans of evil-doing.

When he sent the boy Cully over into Jersey, and placed him under the eye of the giantess who was hand-in-glove with the gang, he thought he had silenced him, inasmuch as the boy had taken an oath not to reveal his part in the robbery to any living person.

There were streaks of goodness in Cully, though he had been brought up under the eye of Jim and his pal, the Major, and from the moment the door in Jersey City closed upon him he rebelled. He had thrown at the woman's feet the money which Oyster Jim had given him, and refused to accept any part of it when she offered it to him, hoping that his refusal was final. When a whole day had passed and the boy found himself well watched, his temper got the better of him.

"I don't like this den," said he to himself, in the little room to which he had been assigned. "I've taken an oath not to tell a living soul how Jim and the Major sent me to the law office with two letters, and how by telling the lawyers that I was Jed Bronson of Rosedale, I got a big lot of swag which Jim says is worth a cool million. And what have I got for my play? I'm shut up here like a wild beast, watched by Spanish Meg, who says I go out at my peril. I don't like the lay."

He stood at the window which looked out over countless roofs and saw the day vanish. The thousand-and-one lights came out everywhere, and across the river he saw the gleam of Gotham.

"I wonder if the lioness sleeps?" he went on, as he withdrew. "I won't stay here if I can get out."

Cully went to the door and opened it. To his astonishment it had not been locked. At the foot of the staircase there was gloom, but this did not deter him. In a moment he was slipping downward on tiptoe, and at last stood in the cramped space below. Not a sound had fallen upon his ears.

There was now but one door between him and the street, and he was sure it was locked. Spanish Meg would not leave unguarded every avenue of escape. The boy tried the knob, but it would not turn. He drew back and looked around. How still the house was and how dark! Perhaps his jalleress had crept to her bed, gloating over the riches that had fallen into her hands, and dreaming of the share of the million which Jim had obtained by his startling play.

"I'll keep my oath, even if it came from Jim," ran through the boy's head, as he again tried the door. "But I want out o' this nest. Jim's got long fingers, and he knows how to use 'em, and then Spanish Meg is as strong and vicious as the big tigress in Central Park. I'm safer across the river than here, even if over there is the crooks' stamping ground."

The eager boy turned to a door which led off from the narrow hall, and it opened. He was in an unlighted room, but in a few moments he had found a window. It took him some time to loosen the lower sash, and he was about to leap across the scant sill when a hand fell upon his shoulder with the force of a steam hammer, and a voice hissed in his ear.

"Not so fast, my bird! I sleep with one eye open, and I can hear a cat walk at all hours."

It was the voice of Spanish Meg, and he was in the hands of his jalleress. Cully's heart by one great leap seemed to land in his throat, for he was pulled back from the window and held by a grip of steel. What could he say?

"Trying to give us the slip?" laughed the woman, whose face, though quite near, was not seen in the gloom. "Don't you like your new quarters?"

"I don't like to be cooped up like a bird in a cage," growled the boy, as he drew back as far as he could. "I didn't know I was to be served that way when Jim sent me over here."

"You didn't, eh? Did you think we'd let you visit the parks and pick pockets to your own satisfaction?"

"I'm no pickpocket," resented Cully. "I'm bad, I know, but I don't rob people."

"But you've been Jim's boy?"

"I've done some things for Jim, but because he gave me a home when I had none. The last trick turned me against him. I'm going to do better from now on."

"Yes, you are!" was the sarcastic rejoinder. "I know how you young rats reform. But you can't go out."

Beyond the raised sash Cully saw the lights and heard the sounds of the street. They called him. Out there was safety and reformation. He would be a better boy if he was only beyond the clutches of Jim and the Major.

All at once the woman's grip seemed to relax. The hope thrilled the boy pal. The next instant he had freed himself by a violent jerk, and a bound carried him to the window. He cleared the sill and alighted on the pavement. There was a harsh cry behind him. He looked back, and by the light of the nearest lamp saw the huge form of Spanish Meg. Cully bounded away like a deer. He was free, with the city before him and the lights across the river beckoning him back to old haunts, but not to those occupied by Jim and the Major.

He did not go immediately to the pier. Somewhat familiar with Jersey City, he cut into a dark street, and kept on till he came out upon one that fairly blazed with light.

"It was a pretty trick," he said, with a laugh to himself as he sat down on a porch and reflected. "I'll bet Meg is raving and nearly ready to eat herself. But she'll keep mum for a while, and not tell Jim or the Major that I got away. Oathbound! That's the fix I'm in. It's a cold day when you get ahead o' Oyster Jim, who says he is dead in the eye of the law, and he has one the police believe it. I wonder if Jed Bronson has discovered the trick Jim turned up? It was a clever play. I was astonished when Jim waked me up that morning and said I must be Jed Bronson and take some letters to Judd & Jerrold and get what they'd give me. Well, I played my part o' the trick and Jim says it netted 'em a million, which I now know belonged to the Rosedale boy. Where Jim got the two letters I don't know."

At the end of his last sentence Cully sprang up and trotted off. He now bent his course toward the pier, and presently was ensconced in a shaded place in the ferry which whisked him across the river. He had a haunt which was not much. To go back there and once more sleep in his own poor bed was his desire. He could remain there at least till broad day, and then hunt other quarters, so as to keep away from Jim and the Major.

He bounded up the creaking staircase and opened the door of his little room. It had not been touched during his absence. Cully hailed the bed, poor as it was, with a cry of pleasure. In five minutes he was fast asleep. The great city roared beneath him, but he heard it not. The brilliant lights of the near-by avenues sent their flashes far and wide, but they did not blind his weary eyes. Cully Mahone had but one thing to trouble him, and that was the oath he had taken not to breathe to a living soul his part in the theft of the million-dollar legacy.

It was fairly morning when he opened his eyes. All at once a startling thought sent a thrill through every fiber. What if Meg had reported his flight to Jim or the Major? If she had, he was in deadly danger, for those men would silence him at all hazards. He now knew what it was to possess a dreadful secret.

He sprang out of bed and hustled into his clothes. He must get out of there. Cautiously down the stairs he went, with every sense on the alert. For some time every footstep behind was that of a pursuer. Cully felt his heart take more than one alarming leap. An hour later he felt more at his ease. He had not caught sight of Oyster Jim, nor had the Major crossed his path. Perhaps, after all, he had eluded them.

SUFFERED EVERYTHING

For Fourteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elgin, Ill.—"After fourteen years of suffering everything from female complaints, I am at last restored to health.

"I employed the best doctors and even went to the hospital for treatment and was told there was no help for me. But while taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use until I was made well."—Mrs. HENRY LEISEBERG, 743 Adams St.

Kearneysville, W. Va.—"I feel it my duty to write and say what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female weakness and at times felt so miserable I could hardly endure being on my feet.

"After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following your special directions, my trouble is gone. Words fail to express my thankfulness. I recommend your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. G. B. WHITTINGTON.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth To Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—Sent FREE

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay, but write TO-DAY.

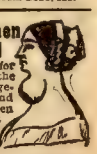
FREE FOR WOMEN

I suffered for years with painful periods, leucorrhoea, womb, ovarian troubles, and other female complaints and finally found a safe, simple home treatment that cured me in my own home without medical aid. This is the story told in letters received every day from grateful women who have used **MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM.** Let us send you some of these testimonials; stories of wonderful cures and remarkable recoveries after years of suffering. It is a simple common sense home remedy and costs you nothing to try it. **A FREE TRIAL BOX** sent to every woman who writes for it. Address,

READ MY STORY.

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 5, South Bend, Ind.

GOITRE Pay when Cured



I have an honest, certain cure for Goitre (thick neck.) It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and cures in a little while. Pay when cured. Tell your friends about this. Write for full particulars.

DR. ROCK, DEPT. 107 BANCROFT, WIS.

WOMEN find the right kind of Toilet Necessities, Drugs, Syringes, etc., in our catalog. Send 2c stamp for postage.
F. G. FERGUSON CO., Box 59, 429 Sixth Ave., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Catalog for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 6-B, 60 Wabash, Chicago

The day broadened. Cully sought one of the parks and threw himself upon a bench. The day was warm, and he soon fell asleep, though he had not breakfasted. Suddenly a man wearing a beard stopped within a few yards of the boy. His eyes rested upon the recumbent figure with more than passing interest.

"How did he get away?" asked this person of himself. "I'll make Meg pay for this. Ah, the rat's going to get up," and the man drew off, but still regarded the boy on the bench.

Cully Mahone got up and stretched, then he bolted off, followed by the person who had spied him. On the first corner the boy stopped and looked back. The man was now almost upon him. Their eyes met. Cully gave a little cry. The beard might deceive him, but not those eyes. It was Oyster Jim!

The boy sprang away like a startled rabbit. To fall into Jim's hands meant death. Cully did not look whither he was going. He only wanted to get away from his old master. Jim had quickened his pace almost into a run. The boy sprang suddenly from a curb into the tangle of teams that rendered the street a maze of danger. The warning of an automobile rang in his ears. He looked, gave a cry as he sprang aside, and then went down before the racing terror!

CHAPTER VIII.

DESPERATE CHANCES.

If Cully Mahone gave a second cry as he went down before the merciless machine it was unheard. The man who had followed him leaned forward, and saw a policeman drag the unconscious boy from under the wheels and then smiled grimly.

"In luck, after all!" he chuckled. "I guess the boy will keep his oath now. That thing would have crushed a giant."

Still he lingered. He waited until the ambulance carried Cully from the spot and addressed the officer who had lifted Cully from the ground.

"Was the kid hurt much?"

Policeman Finney turned upon the man with a quizzical expression.

"Hurt?" he said, elevating his brows. "Every bone in him broken, I reckon."

Oyster Jim, the man was no less a person than the cunning crook, walked away. That day and the next he was satisfied with himself. Whilst he waited for his friend, the Major, to come to his abode, he looked over the newspapers to see if they had recorded the accident in the street. It was conspicuous by its absence. A street waif is nothing. One little life sacrificed to speed, one boy less to feed, one secret safe forever—that was all.

Jed and Ned, in their new quarters to which Boston Kyle had taken them, knew nothing of the fate of Cully Mahone. The million was still missing and they were now giving it but little thought.

"I'll run down to the Hotel Charlotte," said Jed, "and see if any mail has been left for us."

"Don't let the man with the crooked finger—the man whom Boston suspects—see you," admonished Ned, with a little laugh, as he regarded such discovery out of the ordinary.

"Trust me for that," smiled Jed at the door, and the next moment Ned was alone.

There was a letter for Jed at the hotel, and he recognized the handwriting as the same which had accompanied the mysterious twenty dollars which they had received from an unknown friend. Thrusting it into his pocket he hurried away.

"Hello!" suddenly rang in his ears, a voice which startled him by its familiarity. "You're not gone yet?"

Jed turned as though an arrow had pierced his back, and he stood face to face with Noah Harkaway once more.

"No, sir. We are here yet," he answered.

"But aren't you going?" persisted Noah, coming nearer with his piercing gaze centered upon the boy.

"That depends," answered Jed.

Harkaway, or Oyster Jim, sidled a little closer, watched by Jed with more than passing interest.

"Now don't run away," he said, in low but rasping tones, as his eyes seemed to get a serpent's sparkle. "I've been thinking of you. Come with me."

"With you? I——"

"Don't you try to skin," was the interruption. "I've got business with you."

A hand at the same moment closed on the boy's arm. He felt the long fingers like an eagle's talons sinking to the very bone.

"Don't raise an alarm, or I'll leave you on the sidewalk beyond a doctor's skill!" was hissed into his ear. "I'm not going to take you far. Silence—that's the word."

Jed felt his face grow white. He now knew that Boston's suspicions were correct. This man lived a double life. This man was not Noah Harkaway, but the desperate crook, whom the detective suspected of taking the two letters which disclosed his ownership of the million-dollar legacy.

Ten minutes later Jed was plumped into a rickety chair in a room which was poorly furnished. There was but one window, and it was half-curtained, rendering the place almost dark. As the boy looked around, he descried a man who arose from a cot in one corner and stared at him.

"This is the rat," said Oyster Jim, addressing this man. "I got him on the street, Major."

The short man, who had a large face which looked ogreish to Jed, leaned forward with a malicious grin.

"I thought he went home?" he said.

"No, he stayed," answered Jim, "stayed to his sorrow. This is the boy who has set Boston Kyle after us."

Jed understood now if he had not guessed before. He was in the hands of the men who had robbed him of his legacy.

"What shall we do with him, Jim?" queried the Major, his eyes growing more vicious than ever.

"You don't suppose I'm going to let him go?" was the retort.

"I should say not."

Up to this moment Jed had not spoken since entering the crook's lair. Their looks and words had stilled his tongue, and he saw that he was in desperate peril of his life.

"How did you run across Boston?" asked Oyster Jim, bending forward.

"I didn't run across him," answered Jed, with all the firmness he could assume. "He was sent for."

"By whom?"

"By Judd & Jerrold."

The two crooks exchanged lightning glances.

"What has Boston found out?"

It was the Major who spoke now. He came close to Jed and transfixed him with a look which boded no good.

"I can't tell you, as Boston keeps his secrets."

"You mean that you wouldn't tell us if you knew. Isn't that it?"

"I have told you that I don't try to find out what Boston knows."

"Let me tell you something," put in Oyster Jim. "There's no use keeping the truth back longer. We got the pile."

"Yes, boy, we swiped the million," chuckled the Major.

"You mean you robbed me at the Hotel Charlotte?"

"Yes, that's it. They can't get any evidence against us, for the only person besides ourselves who helped to swipe the million was run over by an automobile and is dead, and you'll never appear in court to swear to what we're saying here. See?"

Both men laughed, and the sounds fell like weights of doom upon Jed Bronson's soul.

Oyster Jim now went to a cupboard set in the bare wall, and took out a small can. Jed saw him as he went around the room, pouring something here and there from the can with all the coolness of a desperado. Not a word was spoken during this proceedure.

"You see we're taking no chances," the crook suddenly exclaimed, as he turned upon the white-faced boy. "We can't afford to take 'em. We don't intend to lose that million, not by a long shot. When I dropped down into your room at the Hotel Charlotte I hadn't the slightest idea what was waiting for me. It was a simple burglary, nothing more. But when I went through your pockets and found them two letters my heart nearly got loose. It didn't take half an eye to see what sort o' fish had come to the net. The rest of the play wasn't hard. We found another Jed Bronson from Rosedale," here the crook stopped to laugh again, "and under our instructions he played the other part o' the game and swiped the biggest swag ever got in this city. It was very easy."

Poor Jed heard this astounding confession with blanched cheeks. Under any other circumstances he would have regarded it as the broadest fiction, but he knew that it was startling truth.

When he concluded, Oyster Jim went back to his oil can. He spattered some of the fluid on the curtains of the window, and threw a lot over the cot in one corner of the room. At last Jed could restrain himself no longer.

"What are you going to do?" he cried, rising from the chair, only to be forced back by the strong arms of the Major.

"We're going to make sure o' the million," was the reply.

"You can have it all without interference if you let me go."

"That's an old game," laughed Oyster Jim. "It can't be worked on me and the Major."

"But I promise——"

"You will do us a favor by keeping a still tongue in your head," came the flashing interruption. "Now, Major, the cords, if you please."

The dumpy man produced cord, and in a short time Jed was securely bound in the chair. When this work was done, a handkerchief was passed around the boy's head, and in a manner that prevented him from speaking.

Oyster Jim next produced a long twine, which he placed on the floor. One end touched the oiled curtain, and the rest of the twine was drawn across the floor and under the door, which opened upon the staircase. Jed watched these terrible proceedings with stilled heart and bated breath.

"If you hadn't set Boston Kyle on the trail and had gone home, you wouldn't be here," said Oyster Jim, as he stood erect and surveyed his work. "We've got to do this to keep the million."

The doomed boy heard a door close behind him. He caught the sound of descending feet and then a dead silence fell about him like a pall. Beyond the window he saw the fading of the day. Already the city was being lit up by its thousands of electric lights, and the sky

Don't like your gray mustache? Then make it a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Dressed Doll & 95 Piece Furniture Set, all FREE

Here is a doll and nearly a hundred other articles that will delight the heart of any little girl. All are given away absolutely free. Dollie is a little beauty. Sweet little face, ruby lips and blue eyes, soft curly hair. She is nicely and COMPLETELY DRESSED and makes a perfect little lady. She is jointed, can turn her head, sit down. This is A REAL DOLL. With dollie comes her entire outfit of toy cut-out furniture—95 different pieces. There is complete DAINTY FURNITURE FOR THE WHOLE HOUSE. Kitchen furniture including a big range. Dining room set with china closet and side-board. Parlor furniture including DOLLIE'S PIANO, standing lamp, etc. Bed room furniture complete and lots of little pieces, such as wash-board, duster, kitchen utensils, water-set, foot-stool, etc., etc. Don't fail to get this beautiful and wonderful set.

FREE OFFER Send us your name and address and we will send you six new beautiful art pictures and six coupons, each good for 25 patterns. Collect 25 cents with each picture and pattern coupon on our big offer which includes dollie, and the $1.00 collected and Dollie and her complete outfit of 95 pieces will be sent you. ALL CHARGES PREPAID, at once. You can do this little work IN AN HOUR. This is all we ask—just make six 25 cent sales giving with each sale extra a beautiful picture and pattern coupon. Did you ever hear of a better offer? H. GUEST, 501 Plymouth Ct., Doll Dept. 106, CHICAGO, ILL.

This Handsome Brass Clock FREE!

Actual Size

THE NEWEST —AND— BEST OFFER

This handsome brass clock is a time meter that will grace your table or mantel piece with beauty and adornment. It is made of brass with the brush brass finish. The dial is plain white and, as you see, the hands are gracefully designed to point to the hours and minutes in the plainest manner. The glass covering the dial is beveled and thick so that it can stand rough handling. The works are especially imported and have a thirty-two hour movement, that is, it needs to be wound only once in thirty-two hours.

The stands holding the clock up are also of brass, secure and very strong. In the back the winding and setting screws are well made and are large enough so that your fingers can reach them. The whole clock is designed to combine the best time keeping in the neatest and most compact form possible. But, above all—

WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE IT

against defects, for this clock is thoroughly tested, examined and regulated before it leaves the factory, and if there are any defects in the material and workmanship, you can return it at once at our expense.

It will look well on your mantel-piece or on your table among your best things. Hour after hour, year after year it faithfully performs its duty of telling you the correct time.

With this little mountain of dependability you will be on time for your appointments and always have a standard time-piece in your house for your whole family to set their watches by.

This is, indeed the most beautiful and valuable premium we have offered, and this offer will appeal to thousands of our readers, for this clock is absolutely free.

Read Below How to Get the Clock Free, and get it at once, for we are able to make this big offer only through a lucky purchase and the supply is limited.

How to Get the Beautiful Brass Clock Free

There are four ways to get this clock FREE. The first way is to send us $2.00 for a year's subscription to The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger together, and on receipt of your subscription, we will send you this handsome brass clock free, all charges prepaid.

The second way is: If you prefer either one of these great papers for yourself get some friend to send their subscription to either one of the papers along with yours and send us the $2.00, and we will send you the clock absolutely free, all charges prepaid. Of course, your friend would not be entitled to the clock, but the good value of the Blade and Ledger should appeal enough to induce your friend to give you the subscription.

The third way is, if any of your friends do not wish to subscribe for the paper for a whole year, you may send in two six-months' subscriptions along with your yearly subscription and we will send the clock to you all charges prepaid.

The fourth way is, if you do not know some friend who is willing to send a subscription to either the Blade or Ledger along with yours send your own subscription for the paper that you want for two years.

We Treat Old and New Subscribers Alike on This Offer.

If you are already a subscriber to the Blade and Ledger send us $2.00 and we will renew your subscription for one year from the time it expires. If you only take one of the papers and do not care to take the other send us $2.00 to renew your subscription for two years, and we will send the clock.

Don't fail to take advantage of this offer, for it is one of the best offers made. You will realize when you get the clock what a beautiful time piece it is.

With your order just say you want the Brass Clock.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Canada Subscription price: Blade and Ledger $3 a year. Either paper, $1.50 a year.

BOYS! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week selling the BLADE and LEDGER. These are the two greatest papers published and people in every town want to have some one they can buy them from each week. We give you two cents out of each nickle you take in. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. You sell the papers on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings. It is easy to sell them and get steady customers. You can send back the headings of all papers you can't sell, and we won't charge you for them. You can't LOSE. Be one of the boys who make steady money each week, and OWN A PAPER ROUTE OF YOUR OWN. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit and a letter telling you just how to sell the papers and what to say. We tell you exactly how to get customers. It is easy. GET THE JOB BEFORE SOME OTHER BOY BEATS YOU!

Fill this out and send it to us today.

W. D. BOYCE CO.
500 Dearborn Ave.
Chicago, Ill. Ad.2.
I want to sell the BLADE and LEDGER. Please send me.....papers.

NAME.....
Street or R. F. D. No.....
Age..... Town..... State.....

WONDERFUL
PRIZES FREE!

WRITE AT ONCE. DON'T MISS IT!

Superb Arrow Motorcycle Free! Hundreds of other valuable prizes. A chance to make a barrel of money—to start in business for yourself.

$2,350.00 C-I-V-E-N To Our Agents

Classy Suits, Motorcycles, Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, Stick Pins and Cash—all free. Just take orders for our nobby suits—that's all.

$40 TO $60 A WEEK

Take orders for our classy suits. It's a cinch. Keep your present job also if you wish.

WE PREPAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES

You take no risk. We pay everything. Suits guaranteed in every respect or money refunded.

WRITE TODAY. Send postcard with your name and address for full particulars. No obligations. Complete line of beautiful samples FREE! Get in quick! Hurry! Don't miss this big offer. Write at once.

Paragon Tailoring Co., Dept. 9012, Chicago

A Good Position For You

sure when you graduate from GEM CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE of Quincy, Ill. Thorough courses in Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Actual Business Practice, Penmanship and Mathematics. 23 competent teachers—1400 students annually. Our own $100,000 specially equipped building. Write now for beautifully illustrated catalog and year book.

D. L. Musselman, Pres.
Lock Box 47, Quincy, Illinois

TAPE-WORM Expells alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp. DR M. NEY SMITH, Specialist, 906 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo

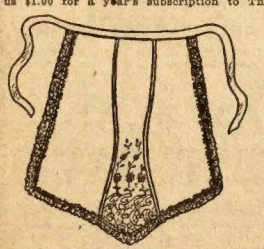
THESE
Beautiful Aprons
FREE

Tea aprons are always in great demand, but tea aprons as beautifully patterned as these will make our women readers proud and happy. These are special designs, manufactured by New York's leading fancy goods producers and are made with great care of the most delicate white lawn—one having a center panel that is a very elaborate creation of embroidery, the other being of the very popular style of bib and small pocket as

shown by the cuts. The needle work is neat and shows the effort to make an apron that will be pretty and fashionable, and altogether, we are glad to be able to offer them to you.

HOW TO GET THESE APRONS FREE

These beautiful white lawn aprons will make friends for us and we want every reader of The Chicago Ledger to have them free, so to every one who will send us $1.00 for a year's subscription to The



Chicago Ledger we will send prepaid, these two beautiful lawn embroidered aprons

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

We will treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires. Many are getting these aprons for gifts to their friends. Send your order today and be sure to ask for the aprons and also mention whether it is a new or renewal subscription.

was rapidly taking on its nightly hues.

He tried his bonds, but as well might he have tried bonds of steel. The moments slipped away like leaden hours. The whole house was still. He thought of Ned waiting for him in another part of the city, he thought of Rosedale, of Boston Kyle, of a thousand-and-one things, and all the while he believed a spark of fire was creeping toward him from somewhere.

CHAPTER IX.

A POSSIBLE CLEW.

Ned waited a long time for Jed's return. The waning hours increased his anxiety until at last he could stand the strain no longer. Had Jed met with an accident, or, worse than this, had he fallen into the hands of the robbers of the legacy? Unacquainted with the city as he was, he knew not what to do. It was his first introduction to the thriving mart, and he worried over his chum's absence until his very nerves seemed on the point of giving way.

At this moment a light rap sounded on the door, and he sprang across the room and jerked it open. A young girl stood before him, and it took Ned some time to associate her with the person whom he and Jed had encountered in Judd & Jerrold's office. As Ivy entered she looked around for Jed.

"You will pardon me," said she, with a faint smile, "but you are not Jed Bronson."

"I am not, miss. Jed went down to

"In luck after all!"

the Hotel Charlotte for his mail and should have been back several hours ago. I am worried over his absence——"

He paused abruptly as he saw color leave the anxious face before him.

"Boston Kyle told me of your change of residence," Ivy went on. "I have called in person to offer both of you my services, humble as they may be. Boston thinks he has a clew to the mystery of the missing fortune, and if he is correct, from what he has said, your friend has enemies who will do him all the harm possible."

"I am quite sure of that now. We now know that the man Noah Harkaway, whom we encountered at the Battery, is none other than a crook called Oyster Jim and this is the man whom Boston suspects."

"And a desperate man, too," smiled Ivy faintly. "You don't care if I wait with you a while for Jed?"

"I shall be glad to have you do so," responded Ned, who wanted company in his misery. "You are Judd & Jerrold's stenographer?"

"I was," corrected the girl. "I am no longer in their employ, owing to some words which Mr. Phineas Judd directed at me."

"You will have to look for other employment."

"That is a matter which does not trouble me," was the response. "I have been needing a vacation for some time, and will take this opportunity to enjoy it."

Miss Orton was very self-possessed, and Ned could not help admiring her as she sat before him, her sweet, sympathetic face revealed by the light in the room.

"Your friend does not come," said she, at last, coming back to the one thing uppermost in her mind. "There has been foul play somewhere. I think Mr. Kyle should know of this."

"I do not know where to find the detective."

"Fortunately, I do, if he is at home," said the girl. "I will see Boston at once."

Ned was sorry when he heard the last echoes of her feet on the stairway. He would have kept her longer because of her company, but he felt that the finding of Jed was of more importance, and he let her go with rising hopes.

Boston Kyle was putting on his hat, and was in the act of leaving his lodgings when the door was flung open and Ivy Orton sprang into the room.

"I'm glad I've found you, Mr. Kyle!" was her exclamation. "The boy has disappeared!"

The detective turned upon her with a quizzical expression.

"The boy?"

"Jed Bronson of Rosedale, the heir to Mr. Dannemar's wealth."

"I guess not. I've placed him a house where he is safe——"

"But he isn't there, for I've just come from his lodgings. He went to the Hotel Charlotte for his mail, and I had sent him a letter to that address, and his companion has waited some hours for him."

Boston's face grew serious.

"Is that all you know?" he asked.

"I have told you everything."

"The young chap should have remained at home," commented Boston. "It's not safe for him to be out till we've blocked the game of this beautiful pair of scamps."

"What," cried Ivy, "were there two?"

"Not two, but three, although the one was merely a tool. I've had a singular experience, and one that confronts a detective hardly once in a life time. It's the first time I ever heard of a dead man committing a burglary."

The girl's eyes opened to their fullest capacity.

"Not a dead man, Mr. Kyle?" she gasped.

"A man legally dead, at any rate," was the smiling rejoinder. "I won't explain now. Oyster Jim is the liveliest corpse I ever tackled. I'm off now."

Boston left the pretty stenographer without ceremony, and Ivy could hardly suppress a smile at his abrupt departure.

"Shall I wait for him?" she asked herself. "He left no such orders, but then this is as good a place to wait as anywhere. He will come back here."

She found a book on the detective's table and began to read. It proved more interesting than she had thought, and an hour flew by on gauzy wings. She turned suddenly as the door behind her opened, and she was startled to behold Samson Jerrold bowing to her in astonishment.

"I didn't expect to find you here," said the lawyer. "I haven't seen you since you pointed out to me on the street the man with the crooked finger."

Samson sat down and mopped his florid face.

To FAT People FREE

SHOWING REDUCTION OF 141 POUNDS.

Mrs. N. J. Essary writes: "When I began the Dr. Bradford treatment, I weighed 271 lbs., now I weigh 130 lbs. And in better health than for years." I will send full testimonials with names and addresses of a legion of men and women whose weight has been reduced to the extent they desired, also a FREE PROOF TREATMENT and BOOK OF ADVICE TO FAT PEOPLE, all free in plain wrapper, postpaid. Costs absolutely nothing! a post-card will bring all. Address: DR. BRADFORD, A 9 Bradford Building, 20 E. 22d St., New York. (Licensed physician by the State of New York.)

GET THIS OFFER

All the clothes you want.
All the money you want.

To learn how you can have this stunning swell tailored suit absolutely free, not a penny of cost to you (we prepay the express); to learn how you can make $5.00 to $10.00 a day every day of your life, to find out what beautiful tailoring really is, to offer styles that everybody goes wild about, to get all of your own clothes always free, do this to-day, now, this minute, write us a letter or postal and say, "Send me your New Wonderful Tailoring Offer," and receive by return mail, free, the most astonishing tailoring offer you ever heard of, a beautiful set of samples to pick from, styles that will set your county afire, an offer so surprising, so new, so liberal, so wonderful, you can hardly believe it.

You don't need money or experience. No matter what you are doing, selling books, cutlery, groceries, soap, tailoring for others, or just working, be sure to get our offer, it's so much better than anything else. You will succeed sure, make big money and wear fine clothes! Write now.

BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 714 CHICAGO, ILL.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

BIG PAY

Government salaries are high and sure. Qualify for a good position. We prepare you by mail at small cost for any Civil Service Examination. Write today for Free Booklet 40. Capital Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn from $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 805 Scarritt Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Prescription sent absolutely free by Mrs. J. Kay, Room Z, Haymarket Building, Chicago, Ill.

Trusses Like These Are a Crime

GET RID OF STRAPS AND SPRINGS AND BE CURED

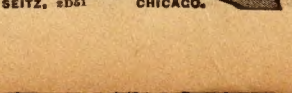
Simply write for our free cloth-bound Book of Advice, containing facts which took us 40 years of day-after-day experience to learn. Book explains why drug stores should not be allowed to sell their misery-making trusses. Explains the dangers of operations and why it is no longer necessary. Exposes the humbug "discoveries," "appliances," "plasters," "systems," etc., and puts you on guard against throwing money away.

Book tells how the wonderful Cluthe Self-Massaging Pad Cures Rupture by strengthening the weakened muscles, while holding continuously with ease. Sent on 60 days' trial to prove it. Now it is waterproof, no leg straps, no springs, how it ends constant expense on account of rupture. 5,000 public indorsements sent with the book. After you have read this book you'll know more about your condition than if you had gone to a dozen doctors. You'll know how to get immediate relief without risking a penny.

Just use the coupon, or simply say in a letter or postal "Send me the Book."

Box 25—CLUTHE COMPANY
125 East 23rd Street, New York City
Name .....
Address .....
Return mail brings World's Greatest Rupture Book.

POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Working parts of the best grades of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to try, as we take back these you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. M. O. SEITZ, 2D61 CHICAGO.



FREE

"Well?" asked Ivy. "What became of the man?"

"He gave me a pretty hard chase," resumed Jerrold, "but I was determined to stick to him like a leech. When he was joined by a dumpy man I became more interested than ever, and I finally saw both enter a house in Baxter street, not a very desirable locality as you may know."

"It's the old clothes street," smiled Ivy. "I know something of dirty Baxter."

"I see you do. You have correctly described it. Well, they entered a house there—I took down the number, 446—and there I had to leave my birds."

"I think you did very well, Mr. Jerrold. Now, if Boston knew this, I'm sure——"

"I dropped in to tell him. I've called before, but always found him out."

"You can wait with me. He's gone to find what has become of Jed Bronson, who has strangely disappeared."

"What, the boy who lost the million?"

"Yes."

"Now, this beats me!" exclaimed Samson. "It's always that boy whenever I run across you."

Ivy blushed and averted her face.

"I hope you're not going to stick to him and leave me in the lurch," stammered the bachelor lawyer. "That would be too bad, seeing how I like you."

"As a matter of course, I take a good deal of interest in the lost legacy."

"And in the boy who nearly got possession of it," put in Jerrold.

The girl did not reply to this sally, and Samson for a little while lapsed into silence.

"I'm breaking ground for a fine uptown house," suddenly resumed the lawyer turning full upon Ivy. "It will have all the modern conveniences. What sort of furniture do you like for a parlor?"

"I think you are quite competent to settle that question was the answer.

"But I like to consult your wishes. I'm not going to stint myself on that house, but——"

At that moment, fortunately for Ivy in her embarrassment, footsteps were heard beyond the door, and Boston burst in upon them.

"Glad to see you, Jerrold," he exclaimed, at sight of the girl's visitor. "I'll talk to you in a minute."

He threw his hat upon the table and picked up a pipe, which he deliberately filled. He smoked five minutes in dead silence.

"I didn't find him, miss!" he exclaimed, looking at the anxious girl.

"Do you mean the boy heir, Boston?" queried Samson.

"I rather guess I do," grinned Boston. "You don't think I've been looking for Sir John Franklin?"

"Not at all."

"I traced the Rosedale boy from the Hotel Charlotte to lose sight of him a few yards from the door."

"Maybe," observed the lawyer, "if you had investigated in Baxter street, you might have had better luck—that is, if you think he was fallen into the clutches of the man with the crooked finger."

The pipe which the detective had taken from his mouth nearly fell to the floor.

"I've tracked that man and his friend to number 446 Baxter."

"You have?"

"Yes."

"By Jove, Samson, you should belong to the force!" exclaimed Boston.

"I can't think of such a change, for I'm building a nest for a pretty bird," and the lawyer shot a rapid glance toward Ivy, who suddenly looked away.

All at once the detective snatched up his hat and sprang to his feet.

"You two can keep house," cried he, moving toward the door. "I'm much obliged to you, Samson. I'm going down to Baxter street," and the next second he was gone.

This thrilling story of youthful adventures will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

⁂

Mrs. Wedderly—You're a married man are you not?

Mr. Singleton—No, ma'am, but my employer is a very harsh, exacting man and I suppose that's what makes me look so downtrodden.

At Dead of Night.

(Continued from page nine.)

Well, after all, he was not so very much surprised when he heard the name. It was Anthony Tarbox!

The superintendent had changed his business, and was now in charge of a big farm down in Virginia. Blair knew of this, because he had been instrumental in getting Tarbox the place, though not suspecting just why the Compton had become distasteful to him. Now he knew. Later on he had a letter, telling him that Carmen was the wife of Anthony; and a merciful Providence seemed to have closed that ugly chapter in her past life forever, so far as her memory went. They were contented, even happy, and he invited his good friend to run down and visit them when the hunting season came on. And so ended one of the strangest cases on the blotter of Gideon Blair, and which he rightly called "The Paternoster Enigma."

The End.

⁂

She—A faint heart never won a fair lady.

He—Or got away from one.

⁂

His Hoodoo.

"One of the most amusing election stories I ever heard comes from Mississippi in the days just succeeding the Civil War," said F. A. Herold of Newark, Del. "It was one of the favorite stories of the late L. Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi, who was one of the best story tellers of his day.

"Senator Beck of Kentucky, himself of no mean capacity in that line, pronounced Lamar the best story teller he ever knew. The story is this: In one of the small towns of that State lived a man with a chronic desire to hold office. Any office would do for him. He had been a candidate for office many times, but had always been defeated. Finally, an opportunity arose for him, so it was thought. An office was to be filled by election, for which there was no announced candidate, except this man. Under the constitution of the State a majority of all votes cast was required to elect.

"On the evening of the election every one expected, of course, that this man would be elected. His friends were congratulating him that at last he had secured an office and were jollifying over the event. It was suggested to him that he go over to the polls and ascertain what the vote was. He did so, but remained quite a while. When he returned in a crest-fallen spirit, his friends asked him what the result was. He was silent for a moment and then said that he had not been elected.

"'How is that?' they asked. 'There was no other candidate against you.'

"'That's what I thought,' he replied; 'but at the last minute they trotted out a fellow named "Scattering" and he beat me to death. I won't run any more.'"

⁂

The Best Policy.

Two piles of apples lay upon the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit of the other was green and small.

"Large on the top, sir and small at the bottom?" inquired the new assistant of his master as he prepared to fill a barrel.

"Certainly not!" replied the farmer virtuously. "Honesty is the best policy, my boy, and one I've always held to. Put the little apples at the top and the large ones at the bottom."

The assistant complied. His master was evidently as green as his greenest fruit.

"Is the barrel full, my lad," asked the farmer.

"Yes," answered the assistant.

"Good!" said the farmer. "Now turn it upside down and label it!"

⁂

Their Handbill.

Several young men from Dubuque escorted a young married couple on their way to Chicago, as far as Galena one day and made life miserable for them.

The charivari party had small handbills printed and distributed to all the passengers on the train. The following is a copy of one of the bills:

"Fellow Citizens and Citizensess:—This is an appeal to humanity. We desire to call you attention to some parties who are aboard this train. Two small uprotected children did this day steep themselves into the Kettle of Fish called matrimony. Contrary to the wishes of well-meaning friends and parents, they have committed a deed whose folly is unrivaled. And as it has come to pass, and desiring to make the best of a bad mess, we ask you, You Fellow Americans, to assist them. They are going to Chicago, and are traveling in the parlor car. Kindly see that they are well taken care of. Any kindness bestowed on them, such as a glass of water, etc., will be appreciated by, Yours in sincerity, Children's Welfare Committee of Dubuque Humane Society."

⁂

The Camera Hero.

The slave of the camera was dozing in the smoking car when a half dozen shots rang out on the night air.

The train slackened. There were more shots.

"Train robbers!" shrieked a pallid passenger as he crawled under the seat.

The camera man grasped his black box and tripod, and, running to the car platform, sprang off into the darkness.

The robbers, most of them, were grouped about the express car. There was much money in the express safe. The company said not over seventeen dollars, but it must have been thousands. Anyway, the robbers were determined to get it, whatever it was. They had done a lot of wild shooting and several persons had been hurt. Now they had shoved a stick of dynamite into the car and were just about to ignite the fuse.

Suddenly a blinding glare filled the air with dazzling fire. With a wild shriek the robbers fled to the woods. The flash of the camera man had saved the train.

When they found him he was crouched before a train hand's lantern weeping bitterly.

"Something went wrong with the dum things," he moaned. "The film's spoiled."

⁂

The Limit.

Stern—Say, is Brown's credit good?

Kern—Good? Why, he couldn't even borrow trouble.

Men! Men! Men!

More Men Wanted

Write Today—NOW

We want more men right away, and we will pay you big money—more money than you ever thought of making before. Just show our magnificent line of samples—the orders will come in a hurry. Exclusive territory open. Don't delay. Let us tell you how to get one of our hand some suits FREE. Write today.

Earn $30 to $50 a Week

Yes and then some. You can earn big money, easily and quickly. No trouble at all in taking orders. Nice clean, easy work—short hours—and you are your own boss. Or you can keep your present position and make $15.00 to $100.00 a month on the side.

Let Us Start You In Business

Be your own boss. No need to trudge along on a salary. We'll start you in a business of your own—give you a chance to make big money easy. No money needed—no experience necessary. Write now!

Write Today Get full particulars of this exceptional offer right away. Just send your name and address on a postal card or letter and we will tell you all about it. We send you all necessaries—complete outfit free—for starting right in to make big money.

The Fidelity Tailors 651 South Fifth Ave. Dept. 85 Chicago

Elegant Thin Model 20 YEAR Watch $3.50

Hunting case beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set, fitted with jeweled movement, guaranteed 20 years, with long gold finished chain for Ladies, vest chain or fob for Gents.

$3.50

Guaranteed 20 Years

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it C.O.D. for examination at your nearest express office, and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold filled watch pay the express agent our special sales price $3.50. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Boys' size.

Diamond Jewelry Co., E 36, 180 W. Madison St. Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL. We give a fine Eureka Camera and complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 24 papers Gold Eye Needles. Sell 2 papers for 10c., giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the $1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address

GLOBE CO., Box 4. Greenville, Pa.

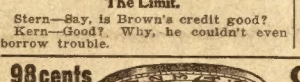
OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Give particulars.

Dr. E. G. CONTRELL, Suite 330 No. 400 W. 23d St., New York

You Can Make $6.00 PER DAY COLLECTING YOUR neighbors names for our Directory at a hundred names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and Outfit. We want a million names quick.

ROCKWELL DIRECTORY CO. OGDEN PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

98 cents Post Paid



Guaranteed 5 Years

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of High Watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail post paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Regular gentlemen's size, open face, full nickel silver plated plain polished case, Arabic dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this adv. to us with your name & address & 98c, and watch will be sent by return mail postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Tailoring Salesmen WANTED

We want live, energetic hustlers, men who can make good; who are ambitious to start in a business of their own. No canvassing; no experience required; no capital necessary. We furnish everything to start. Hundreds are making from $100 to $200 per month and expenses. We guarantee absolute satisfaction and take all the risk. We are one of the largest woolen mills in the country and positively have the only up-to-date, high-quality, low-priced tailoring on the market.

A great many of our men are making from **$25 to $50 Every Week**

We furnish a complete agents' outfit, consisting of large sample book (not a folder), order blanks, tape measures, advertising matter—in fact everything essential to the conducting of a high-class tailoring business.

Write today for this big outfit It is sent express prepaid. Drop a postal and say "Send me your agents' outfit." We will start you at once on the road to Success. Be sure and write today.

DANIEL WOOLEN MILLS, Dept A, 300 Green St., Chicago

FREE *Something Absolutely New* **FREE**

We will give a pair of these fine

PATENT TENSION SHEARS FREE

with one year's subscription to

THE SATURDAY BLADE

A new invention—a pair of shears with a Tension Spring attachment which enables the user to set the Shears for cutting **any kind of material with ease.**

The Shears are seven inches long and the patent device **keeps them always sharp and in perfect cutting condition.**

No matter how many pairs of shears or scissors you have, you need a pair of these with the Tension Spring. After you use them once you will never go back to the old fashioned kind. They are perfectly finished and full nickel plated and the **Manufacturers' Guarantee Certificate accompanies every pair.**

One year's subscription to **The Saturday Blade** costs you only $1.00. If you subscribe now you will get the **Blade** every week for a year for the dollar and a pair of these Patent Tension Shears **free of charge,** shipping charges prepaid.

Send your subscription to

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
76 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION RATE $1.50 PER YEAR.

THE FAIRY CORNER

Old Letters.

Some of you may think it is a great bother to write letters, especially "thank you" letters. You don't have half the trouble your great-grandmother had when she was a little girl and had to write them.

In the first place the paper she used cost a great deal more than it does now, and the pens were quite different. She didn't use a steel pen as you do, but one made out of a feather, usually a feather from a goose wing. She had to sharpen the end of the feather and split it a little way, and that was her pen. Or, perhaps, if she wasn't old enough to be allowed to use ink, she used a pencil, a funny old fashioned pencil that cost a lot and that was likely to split into halves if she wasn't careful of it.

If she wrote a word wrong and wanted to rub it out she didn't have any eraser. Rubbers were not invented until a long time afterward. What do you suppose she used? A piece of dry bread! And it didn't rub out well, either.

Then, again, if she was writing with ink and got a blot on her page she didn't have any blotting paper. She used instead fine sand, which was kept in a little box on the desk called a pounce box. The sand was sprinkled all over the page to dry the ink and then it was collected and slidden back into the pounce box again. That must have been rather funny.

After little great-grandmother had finished her letter, she didn't put it into an envelope, because they didn't have any envelopes in those days, but she folded it in a certain fashion and sealed it on the back with sealing wax to keep it from coming open. To seal it she held the end of the stick of sealing wax near a candle flame till it was melted. Then she would drop a few drops on the back of her letter and quickly, before it hardened, she would take a seal with her initials cut backward on it and press it down into the wax. When the wax cooled and hardened she would take it up, and there would be the impression of her initials in the wax. Whoever got the letter would read the initials and would say: "Well, I declare, here's a letter from little great-grandmother!"

But though little great-grandmother had sealed and directed her letter, she hadn't finished it. She hadn't stamped it. But there were no stamps in those days. Later stamps were invented. First they came without any glue on the back so that they had to be glued on the letter and each stamp had to be cut off from the sheet with scissors because they were all made in a solid sheet without any of the little holes around the edges by means of which we can tear our stamps apart.

Well, little great-grandmother did not have any stamps at all; so she had to carry her letter to the postoffice and pay the postmaster to send it. With all this trouble it is a wonder that little great-grandmother ever got any letters written at all.

A King's Son.

Little Louis XVII. of France is one of the most pathetic figures in all history. The second son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, he was known as the Duke of Normandy until after the death of his older brother, when he became the dauphin. When the royal family were seized by the revolutionists and shut in the temple, the little boy, with his sister, the Duchesse d'Angouleme, and his parents, the King and Queen, had at first the comfort of each other's company.

One of the keenest sorrows of Marie Antoinette at this time was her separation from her son, who was presently delivered over to Simon, a brutal cobbler. The boy's sister afterward wrote:

"My poor mother would sit whole hours in silent despair, and her only consolation was to go to the leads of the tower, because my brother went often on the leads of the tower on the other side. The only pleasure my mother enjoyed was seeing him through a chink as he passed at a distance. She would watch at this chink for hours together to see the child as he passed; it was her only hope, her only thought. But this mournful satisfaction she was soon deprived of. About a month after the poor boy had been taken away she was roused from her bed at two o'clock one morning by some commissioners of the commune, who ordered her to rise, telling her they were come to take her to the conciergerie."

Of her brother's imprisonment she said:

"Unheard of—unexampled barbarity! To leave an unhappy and sickly child of eight years alone in a great room, locked and bolted. He had indeed a bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him. He preferred wanting anything and everything to summoning his persecutors. His bed was not stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself. For all that time he had no change of shirt or stockings. He might indeed have washed himself, and might have kept himself cleaner than he did, for he had a pitcher of water; but, overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not the resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of the necessary strength. He passed his days without any occupation, and in the evening was allowed no light. His situation affected his mind as well as his body."

After the overthrow of the terrorists he was apparently forgotten and is said to have died in the temple June 8, 1796.

Dutch Nightcaps.

The children of Holland all wear nightcaps from the day they are born. They are plain or fancy as the means of the mother will permit. Until the babies are old enough to walk without danger of falling they wear wadded caps in the daytime, so that they will not injure their heads when they go bumping on the floor or down the stairs. Many of them also wear wooden shoes that seem clumsy to us, but they soon grow used to them and are as spry and quick as any children in the world. Boys and girls are dressed much alike, and it is only by the color of the buttons on the caps that one is able to tell them apart.

Street Candies.

The candies, cakes etc., that are sold from push carts in the streets soon get covered with dust, and germs, and every child should remember Kipling's lines to the children of India, for they are as true here as there:

"Them that takes cakes,
Which the Parsee-man bakes,
Makes dreadful mistakes."

Lola, aged 5, had spent the afternoon at a neighbor's. "I hope you behaved like a lady," said her mother when she returned.

"Sure I did," replied Lola. "Every time I yawned I put my hand over my mouth."

Here's
The Road to Comfort

A vanished thirst—a cool body and a refreshed one; the sure way—the *only* way is via a glass of

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Ideally delicious—pure as purity—crisp and sparkling as frost.

Delicious—Refreshing
Thirst-Quenching

Demand the Genuine as made by
THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Free
Our new booklet, telling of Coca-Cola vindication at Chattanooga, for the asking.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

8